This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

EX LIBRIS
HERMANN GEORG FIEDLER.
MEHR LICHT.

Fiedler J 3000.1

Presented to the Library by
Prof. H. G. Fiedler.

THE

REPROBATE.

A NOVEL.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

TRANSLATED BY

THE AUTHOR OF THE WIFE AND THE MISTRESS, &c.

FROM THE ORIGINAL BY

AUGUSTUS LA FONTAINE. 1758 – 1831

VOL. I.

LONDON:
PRINTED AT THE
Minerva-Press,
FOR LANE AND NEWMAN,
LEADENHALL-STREET.
1802.

LIBRARY OF THE TAYL
UNIVERSITY
2 - DEC. 1941
OF CANADA

THE

REPROBATE.

The youthful Biographer.

MY uncle opened the door of the apartment where my father sat smoking his evening pipe, and, without entering it—"Brother," said he, in a hesitating voice, and averting his eyes, "I wish to learn if you have any commission which I could execute at the neighbouring town: I shall go thither to-morrow morning—can I do any thing for Charles?"

"No," replied my father, in evident embarrassment, looking at his pipe, first on one side, then on the other, that he might avoid raising his eyes, "no—my son does not want any thing from town."

My uncle still remained in the same situation, apparently unwilling to shut the door; but, after making two or three soundless efforts to speak, and rubbing his forehead at every failure, he walked very slowly down stairs. My father then starting from his chair, hastily followed to the stairs'-head, where he stood for some moments with an irresolute mien, until my uncle was quitting the house; and he then called out to him—"Joseph, you are welcome to ride my black horse, if you wish it."

On hearing this sentence, my uncle, who had already placed his hand on the lock of the street-door, stopped, whilst my

my father descended three or four stairs to approach him. For a few seconds they regarded each other in silence, and my uncle then hastened to meet his brother half way. They reciprocally extended a hand without speaking; and having returned to the apartment, which both of them paced in some confusion, and casting at intervals a furtive glance at each other, my father at length extended his arms, my uncle rushed into them, and I think they wept.

The tears now fell from the eyes of my mother, who rose, and presented to her brother-in-law a pipe already half filled.

"Bring another," said my father: "that pipe has been laying on the shelf from the moment——it will not be good for any thing—pray bring another."

My uncle chose, however, to keep the one already presented to him, and said, in a low voice—"This shall be the pipe of peace!" in allusion probably to one of the customs of the Canadian savages, which he had had an opportunity of remarking, having served several years in the English army in America.

My father still traversed the room, and in every regard he cast upon his brother might be traced his earnest wish for a yet more explicit reconciliation; whilst my mother, whose heart was perfectly satisfied with what had already passed, drew an arm-chair towards her brother-in law, and hastened herself for a bottle of wine.

In the interim my uncle still remained standing, and the pressure of inquietude weighed upon his brow; for though he was conscious that he had been wrong, yet he still obstinately resolved to await the

the further advances of my father, ere he suffered the acknowledgments that hovered on his lips to pass them.

My father, however, preserved a perfect silence; but taking a folio Bible from the bookcase, he placed it on the table, and deliberately dipping his pen in the ink, began to write in a blank page.

"Stay, Christian," said my uncle—"stop—one word, I beseech you."

My father pursued his intention very steadily, although his brother, with considerable agitation, had advanced close to his elbow: the next moment he held the book towards my uncle, who read the following sentence:—

"On the 18th, assisted by the grace of God, I am reconciled to my dear

brother, to whom I have certainly been too harsh!"

My uncle, laying his pipe on the table, said, with emotion—"No, thou hast not, brother Christian! My conscience has spoken to me more roughly than thou ever didst—it was I who acted wrong."

"You did so, it is true," replied my father, in a gentle accent; "but in heaping coals of fire on your head, whatever the Bible may intimate on the subject, I was to blame; though I might be right on the point that occasioned our original disagreement."

The brothers now cordially shook each other by the hand, and thus was the treaty of peace concluded.

Between every leaf of my father's Bible had been inserted another leaf of blank paper, three fourths of which were

at

at this time written over; and in turning back two or three pages preceding the *eighteenth* he had just commemorated—"When I have read this," said he, passing his hand lightly over the characters he had traced, "and this—and here again, I have sensibly felt my error, in allowing any harsh expression to escape me towards you, Joseph."

"My dear brother," said my mother, eagerly, "from the time you have ceased to visit us, my husband has been daily reading to us some passage relating to this regretted subject: he was ever repeating how much you had loved him, and how kind you had ever been to him; and then he would say—'How could I be harsh or impatient with such a brother!'

Again my uncle held out his hand—it was no longer a pledge of reconciliation, but of the purest fraternal love, and every tender sensation that gratitude could produce in an affectionate heart: he then

hastily resumed his pipe, to dissipate these softer feelings, which he but rarely chose to indulge, from an apprehension that they would undermine the firmness of mind upon which he piqued himself.

" Christian," said he, regarding the intermediate leaves of the sacred volume on which my father had marked down the most memorable occurrences of his life, " you still write a very fine hand."

" And yet," replied my father, with a changing aspect, " when I have been writing some parts of this, the agitation of my heart has given a visible tremour to my fingers; and when I look over what my trembling hand has at different times noted down, it palpitates anew; but still I would not give this Bible in exchange for an estate "

My uncle smiled.

" When

"When any misfortune overtakes me," continued my father, "which I find it difficult to sustain, I read and mark how God has supported me in many moments of anguish, when I least expected consolation: for example, in the year sixty-three I lost my son William, and in sixty-four Charles was born. From this observation I obtain fortitude, and to the various dispensations of Providence I find myself tolerably resigned. At other times, when anger takes possession of my mind, or ill humour overpowers me, I have here an opportunity of observing how many imperfections my fellow-creatures have to pardon in me, and that I am as faulty as my neighbours: my lurking and peevish displeasure is then dissipated, and I humble myself before God and man. This enables me to stretch out my hand to the assistance of my enemy, and to forgive him even whilst he manifests an inclination to injure me. Formerly I used to write that on such and such days

hail-storms or lightning destroyed my harvest; but I recollected not that my intemperate choler had perhaps more frequently deprived those around me of days, nay weeks of happiness; and it has sometimes happened that from idleness or inattention I have disappointed the trembling expectation of the indigent, and occasioned unnecessary distress, by delaying or withholding that relief I thought I should at all times have the power of bestowing. When I broke my leg by an unlucky fall, and was confined to my bed for a month I had sufficient leisure to indulge fits of fretful impatience, and found time enough likewise to banish them by cool reflection: then it was that, comparing the mind of man with the atmosphere that surrounds him, I discovered that the clouds which often darken our horizon are few and light, when placed in the balance with those heavy tempests that annihilate domestic peace and aggravate every afflicting

casualty. Now, however, thanks to my journal, which I then resolved to continue with exactness, these internal storms are less frequent and more governable."

"To that journal then," said my uncle, "I am indebted for the renewal of our friendship and my returning happiness."

"Not so," replied my father; "a short time of calmness and reflection is alone sufficient to renew a bond of amity such as our's has ever been. This boy," he added, pointing to me, "shall inherit the sacred volume at my death. Promise me, Charles, that you will add to the blank leaves, and fill them up with a faithful narrative of your good and evil actions.—Do you promise this?"

My father rose as he spoke with an earnest gravity of aspect, and the tone of his voice indicated a solemnity that inspired me with awe: my uncle too had quitted his seat and laid down his pipe;

and my mother involuntarily clasped her hands. I walked up to my father, and the affirmative I uttered trembled on my lips: I was standing between the three, and never have I from that hour experienced a sensation so impressive. They gazed at me a moment or two in silence; my uncle then resumed his chair, and my father returned the Bible to its place.

"I would have my nephew print his journal, when he has advanced pretty far into it," said my uncle, after a short reverie.

"I should wish it too," exclaimed my mother, with an eager accent.

"And yet," resumed my uncle, fixing his eyes upon me till they filled with tears, "who can foresee what the future may produce?"

He arose on pronouncing these words, and left the room with an aspect of the bitterest anguish, followed by my father, whose

whose mien was almost equally disconsolate.

For my part, I was entirely occupied by the promised pleasure which some happy day was to fulfil, when I should begin the history of my life and adventures: and then to have my writing printed! The idea raised to the utmost my childish ambition; it was ever present to my imagination: and the first time I accompanied my uncle to the neighbouring town, I entreated that he would shew me a printing press, which I surveyed with infinite exultation. How little did I then conceive with what heaviness of heart I should consign to futurity every unpropitious event of my life! In the interim, I reviewed my thoughts and actions with the minutest scrutiny, as destined to be at a certain period examined and judged by the world; and the salutary effect that resulted from my reflections was visible in my conduct and disposition.

sition. I became likewise observant of the manners and propensities of those by whom I was surrounded, because their actions must necessarily have some influence over mine. I read with avidity every book I could procure, and retained in my memory every passage that appeared to me worthy of imitation, and numberless interesting incidents which I hoped to renew in my own life, merely that I might have the pleasure of writing them.

Perhaps my conduct might be thought by some people artificial; but I could not be denominated a hypocrite, because it never entered my mind to say what I did not think, or to conceal a single propensity of my heart, which was uncontaminated, affectionate, and sincere.

When I reached my twelfth year, I had already remarked that a narrative becomes the more interesting in proportion to

to the number of misfortunes it details; and in the romantic ardour of the taste I had imbibed, I wished to portray in my own journal such agonizing sorrows as would inevitably occasion numberless sighs and tears in the reader, and melt every heart: but when mine was assailed by real calamities, I lost the power of reflecting what their effect might be on the sensibility of others. It was my own soul that was wounded, my own tears that fell over the record of misfortunes which yet I had a melancholy consolation in tracing; whilst from the recollected combats I had sustained with myself, I derived a courage and a virtue which I might otherwise perhaps have wanted.

Many, in short, were my obligations to this projected journal: I did not live, like other youths, for the present day—I seemed to live only for my future history:

as

as men therefore claim a right to their existence, of which no one can justly deprive them, I also demand the privilege of writing; leaving, however, to my readers the indisputable one of judging my conduct and my sentiments.

The Brothers.

MY father and my uncle were attached to each other with more than usual affection: the tender tie that united them had sustained their fortitude in situations which they might otherwise have found insupportable. They were the sons of a village schoolmaster, who instructed them with the assiduous attention of parental solicitude,

solicitude, until the country they inhabited was overwhelmed with the horrors of war, and their dwelling, with every other the place contained, levelled by the fury of the incendiary.

The family of my father wandered for a considerable time round the horrid scene of desolation they so bitterly wept, unwilling to quit entirely the neighbourhood of their former peaceful home; but though misery accompanied their fugitive steps, and the evil they each day dreaded, fell still heavier than the terrified imagination had pictured it—though every feeble hope gradually vanished, my grandfather, his wife, and his two sons felt themselves but the more firmly attached to each other by the bond of affection, which nature had drawn and mutual calamity had sealed.

The dejected countenance of the mother, her silent patience, the anguish her deep

deep sighs expressed, when she contemplated the ill-concealed despair of her husband, who would fain have cheered his heart-broken companion with expectations which he himself was far from entertaining, and his solicitude to lighten the burden of their misery—such a scene could not fail to soften the hearts of the two youths, who had yet to witness the dying pangs of their mother, when her fainting spirits could no longer support the unequal contest, and life itself was extinguished by sorrow and famine.

On this mournful occasion, my grandfather, who had tenderly loved her, was heard by his weeping boys to exclaim—"Heaven be praised!" and a short time after he himself sunk to the grave, unable to endure the separation he yet could not deplore.

The

The destitute orphans clung in agony to the remains of their last parent; but they at length recollected that they had now only their own griefs and sufferings to sustain, and this idea fortified their minds with a sort of resolute endurance, that rendered them almost regardless of corporeal pains or inconvenience.

"Christian," said the elder, seating himself by the side of his father's grave, "all that we shall now have to endure will be trifling; our wants are few. It is true," he added, in a firmer tone, "that we have sometimes not been able to procure any food, and that may again happen to us; we may still wander friendless and unsheltered; but now that I no longer behold the pallid looks and calm anguish of our dying parents, I defy the rest. Do you know that I have been considering all this very carefully? I was thinking of it the day before yesterday, a little after my father died; and I am

am certain that apprehension for the future, and the terror of expected misfortune, is the only real ill. Has not Fidelle, our faithful dog, partaken of all our mishaps? When we wanted bread, he was likewise obliged to endure hunger; but his spirits never failed him: and when we procured him a little food, he jumped and frolicked round us in the utmost glee, because he could not torment himself with fears for the morrow. Dry your tears, my dear Christian—let us say, as our father did—'God be praised!' and let us continue our travels—now that there are only us two, we shall do very well."

They now journied far from their native village, which my poor grandfather had always hovered round; and the elder brother, my uncle, soon procured work in the service of a farmer: my father, who was a year or two younger, was taken as an errand-boy and helper at a neigh-

neighbouring villa, where his employments consisted in executing every command the superior servants chose to give him, until the steward discovered that he could write, and that he understood accounts: my father was from that moment often employed by him in registering the expences of the household; and his alacrity and diligence having procured him the good will of the steward, he was at length introduced to the notice of the Baron, their master, and raised to the post of secretary.

My uncle meantime, who disliked his present servitude, and had always experienced a secret inclination for a military life, suffered himself to be enlisted by a Hanoverian serjeant, who was recruiting in a neighbouring village, and would have embarked in his new career without a single emotion of sadness or regret, had it not compelled him to quit his brother.

Fidelle,

Fidelle, the only inheritance they had received from their parents, then became the property of my father: the poor animal was equally dear to them both; and my uncle obliged his brother to accept nearly half the bounty money he had recently acquired, that he might be the better enabled to support their mutual favourite.

"He is mine as well as yours," exclaimed he, as he eagerly pressed the little sum upon my father's acceptance, who still refused it, "and I must contribute my share towards his maintenance. I would take him with me, were he not so much attached to you, my dear Christian."

At length my father was compelled to assent; and this only point in dispute being adjusted, he accompanied his brother several miles on his route, and their parting

parting adieus touched even the heart of the Hanoverian serjeant.

From this time the destiny of the brothers took another colour, and every succeeding year improved the fortunes of each. My father became a favourite of the Baron, beneath whose roof his early youth had been sheltered; and in process of time he married the only child of a wealthy farmer in the neighbourhood, who was my mother, and who at the death of her parents inherited their property.

My uncle was very shortly made a non-commissioned officer, as a reward for his courage, his sobriety, and his attention to the duties of his station: in America, whither his regiment had been sent a few months after he had quitted his brother, he contrived to save a sum considerable in his eyes; and, like my father, he increased his riches by marriage. On the death

death of his wife, who was an American, he returned to Europe, accompanied by his daughter Suzette, the only pledge she had left him of her affection; and he instantly sought my father in the same spot which had witnessed their farewell tears.

My uncle almost immediately purchased a few acres of land, which his brother undertook to fertilize, and the veteran devoted his leisure hours to the cultivation of flowers: his parterre was indeed quite his hobby-horse, and that of my father was his journal.

The brothers still experienced for each other the same affection they had displayed in their early days: my father frequently passed an hour or two in my uncle's garden, regarding from mere complaisance, his curious flowers, and listening with extreme devotion to the names of each, repeated with ceremonious exactness by their delighted possessor; yet,

in

in contradiction to the general appellation, the choicest auricular was always called Christian; though had it not been thus distinguished, my father would have endeavoured to appear equally interested in the occupation of his brother.

"If Joseph can amuse himself," he would say, "and fill up his hours with satisfaction to himself, in learning by heart the long and difficult names that distinguish the learned florist from the more ignorant admirer, should not the pleasure he derives from it impart an equal pleasure to me?—and moreover, the holy Bible commands us to rejoice with those who rejoice."

In return for this brotherly kindness, my uncle frequently listened with great patience to the dilated narrative my father had penned, relating to the principal events of his life: it is true that he sometimes suffered an internal lassitude that

abstracted his attention a little, but he never allowed any indication of this to appear on his countenance: once indeed, it happened unfortunately that as my father was beginning in a very solemn tone, "On the fourteenth day of this last June, one thousand seven hundred and——"

"On that very day," exclaimed my uncle, in a voice rather repressed, "my finest carnation, the Princess of Orange, blew most capitally."

"I wonder," thought my father, "why Joseph utters his observation in that under tone! though to be sure he must be conscious that a day reflecting happiness upon us all must be better estimated than a flower."

However, my father took his pen, and wrote on a leaf of his Bible—"The fourteenth day of last June the Princess of Orange, the favourite carnation of my brother, blew with peculiar beauty; which

which event, as it pleased my dear brother, gives pleasure to all his family."

My uncle very sensibly felt this attention; and the first time it was read to him he rose from his seat, his eyes sparkling with delight, and pressed the hand of my father in both his own.

Thus it is that two worthy hearts, as surely theirs were, overflowing with affection and good-will, can contrive, by uniting their respective interests and amusements, to double the enjoyment of the simple pleasures that may fall to the lot of either.

Ah! why does man so often regard with coldness or scorn, those little weaknesses from which the scanty measure of happiness that renders life but tolerable, are many times derived? Why not rather endeavour to extract satisfaction from the guileless enjoyments of others? What,

alas, were the fairest days in my poor father's catalogue, but flowers that blossomed sweetly, only to fade on the recollection, and be succeeded by the wintry storms of life!

Suzette.

SHE was the only child of my uncle; and it was Suzette who had occasioned the disagreement that had arisen between the brothers. She was only twelve years old when her father returned to his native country, and settled for the remainder of his life in the village where I was born. My uncle had sent her a short time

time to Hanover, to receive the instructions our neighbourhood could not afford her; and his partial fondness prompted him to bestow upon her those little distinctions in her dress which, without destroying its simplicity, rendered it superior to that of the village girls with whom she conversed. Young as she was, he confided to her the management of his household; and his Suzette grew up amidst his flowers, herself the fairest and the sweetest in my uncle's possession.

My father had a high opinion of his niece, and consequently her name was traced in almost every page of his journal, accompanied by a tenderness and interest that increased as her mind and character unfolded themselves to his observation: my mother, who had not a daughter, cherished her as though she had been her own child; and I loved her as a sister.

When my uncle observed a flower of more than usual delicacy of tint, he called it Suzette, and invited every one to admire it: he shaded it from the scorching sunbeam, guarded it assiduously from insects, watered it with his own hand, and divided his attention between his fair daughter and her namesake, scarcely more fragile, more perishable, alas, than herself!

It was only, however, when my uncle fancied himself unobserved, that he suffered any more direct symptom of fondness for his Suzette to escape him; for it was one of his singularities to fancy that too much condescension destroyed or impaired that paternal dignity which every father was bound to preserve; and in concealing the greater part of the extreme affection he experienced for a child so amiable, he believed that his conduct evinced as much wisdom as self-denial.

Actuated

Actuated by this motive, his deportment towards her was always reserved, and his manners sometimes imperious; whilst his unremitting cares were bestowed upon the favourite flower that bore her name. When any little heedlessness escaped the youthful Suzette, he reproved her with severity; then sought out some willing ear into which he could, with an expiatory tear of tenderness, pour her praises.

Suzette, on her part, loved her father; but she trembled at the sternness of his reproofs, and was repulsed by the coldness of his manners; whilst she experienced for my parents the most tender affection, and a confidence that knew no bounds. Sometimes, when she happened to be caressing my father, and her own entered the room, he would regard them with a satisfaction not entirely unmingled with jealousy; and in those moments he would have given up half his possessions

to have been the object on whom Suzette thus lavished her innocent and unfeigned fondness—to have seen her fly to his arms as she did to those of her uncle. He would then approach her with an air half embarrassed and half tender; and when a few symptoms of affectionate approbation had escaped him, he would turn away, from a fear of betraying a weakness he could not excuse to himself.

On these occasions, as Suzette would not hazard the discovery of the preference she involuntarily felt for my father, she generally caught at the first opportunity of quitting the room; and my uncle endeavoured to console himself by listening to those passages in the journal of his brother, which mentioned her with the warmest commendation.

"Upon my word, a journal is a very clever thing!" exclaimed he, after having been one day amused for a considerable

able time in this manner: "I compare it with my herbal, Christian; I never fail to place in it the leaves of my best flowers, with their name and date; and thus I can always recall to my mind the day on which I had the pleasure of seeing them bloom—you see it is exactly the same thing."

"Not entirely so, my dear Joseph," said my father, with his usual gentleness; "for I am as careful to register the unfortunate events of my life as the more happy ones with which God has blessed me; whilst you are only anxious to preserve the recollection of your finest flowers: from this circumstance, you may observe that it is quite a different affair."

My uncle would fain have defended the utility of his herbal, but he did not quite understand how to set about it; and having remained for some moments in a

reverie—"No consideration upon earth," cried he, suddenly—"no!—no power upon earth could induce me to write a journal!"

My father smiled.

"Not that I despise or contemn yours, my dear Christian," he resumed, with rather less vivacity of accent: "but reflect, my brother—should your son at any future time commit an action to make us blush, or if any unfortunate circumstance should happen to dishonour us in the eyes of the world, from which God preserve us! there would be an end to your journal, unless you altered or falsified the fact, and that I know you to be incapable of. At present there is not any difficulty attending your narrative. Our parents you write were poor and unhappy, but they were honest and virtuous: this you may proclaim to the world. Your boy too, and my Suzette, are good children,

children, and well disposed—Heaven keep them always so! Then your wife, yourself, and me!—we need not be ashamed of our actions. And whilst things go on thus, you write at your ease, and care not who reads your journal. But, for example, if your son should disgrace us, or my daughter commit any culpable folly—God preserve us, I repeat, from such accidents!—as for myself, I dare not think upon the possibility of all this, for I am certain I should afterwards kill any man that might look askance at me; and, God forgive me! I am afraid I should be almost tempted to destroy the author of any narrative that recorded my misfortune."

My father remained silent a considerable time after his brother had ceased: he had never before reflected upon the argument my uncle had so warmly urged.

" I believe you are right," said he, at length: " but if any disastrous event should thus cruelly chace our present happiness, death would soon put a period to my journal."

" God grant," replied my uncle, " that you may ever continue it with the same tranquillity we have hitherto enjoyed!"

" God grant it, indeed!" repeated my father, who, with all the gentleness he had received from nature, was as tenacious of the family honour as my uncle; and as far back as they were able to trace their pedigree, they were well ascertained that not one individual of their race could be justly accused of having committed an evil action. This gave an additional zeal to their earnest wish of preserving unblemished a reputation so well supported; but, alas, they were destined to find their proud hopes completely crushed—by the means too of their darling Suzette!"

When

When she had nearly attained her seventeenth year, and was each day improving in loveliness, an alteration gradually took place in her manners and appearance, for which no one could account: her language improved, she explained her thoughts with an elegance and facility she could not have gained from the example of those around her; her manner became more graceful and easy, and her childish gaiety and thoughtless mirth were replaced by a modest dignity and reserve that astonished our whole family. She attended diligently to the domestic cares which had so early devolved upon her, and the economy of her father's little household was conducted with an exactness and dexterity that were admirable.

Her evenings Suzette employed in writing reflections on moral subjects; and this occupation soon attracting the attention of my father, he was equally surprised

prised and delighted with her performances; for her sentiments, though expressed with a pleasing simplicity, were elevated, and her style correct.

She now inspired us all with a respect entirely involuntarily, and of which we were scarcely conscious, and was considered as the ornament of her family and the delight of every heart. When her father addressed her, his voice softened to an unusual tenderness, and his deportment lost almost all its severity. I observed the general deference that was paid to her, and joined my youthful homage to that of others. I loved her indeed with my whole heart; she was my first preceptress, and taught me to read and to write: even to this hour, the recollection of her lessons and the affectionate manner in which she patiently endeavoured to impress them on my memory, with other well-remembered kindnesses that perpetually assail me, make my whole soul

soul vibrate with compassion and regret; for, alas, Suzette, who so well merited every happiness this life can bestow, was the victim of misfortune!

My father and hers, who were ever talking of their Suzette, vainly perplexed themselves in useless efforts to account, with some appearance of probability, for the unexpected improvement of this beloved girl: it was true that she had received a better education than was generally bestowed on others of the same gradation in life; but some years had elapsed since her return from Hanover, and the instruction she had imbibed there could not therefore operate at that moment with an effect so apparently wonderful.

My uncle, however, believed otherwise; and to establish the propriety of his opinion, observed to his brother that it was by early care and culture that beautiful flowers attained perfection.

My

My father shook his head, but would not otherwise contradict my uncle, who had advanced this thesis with the triumphant air of a man who had made a long-wished-for discovery. His brother, in retaining his own opinions, when he believed them to be just, always endeavoured to avoid wounding the feelings of another; and he contented himself with inserting in his journal of that day, that it was impossible to account for the favourable change in the manners and deportment of his niece.

In a short time another subject of astonishment occupied the minds of my family, not so pleasing by far as the former: Suzette lost with the fine bloom of her countenance her peaceful serenity, and now always appeared uneasy and melancholy; her behaviour was constrained and embarrassed—her eyes were frequently filled with tears, and when she thought herself unobserved, they gushed in torrents

rents down her pallid cheeks, which were suddenly suffused with a deep blush when my father or my uncle happened to enumerate the many virtuous women their family had produced.

Again, and with more anxiety, they sought to solve these dark enigmas, and were as far from succeeding as in their first attempt: they watched her steps, and found that they never strayed from the dwellings of her father and mine; she conversed not with any human being but her own relatives, and no one reasonable cause could be assigned for the apparent sorrows she ever denied the reality of.

My mother alone was tortured with suspicions of the truth: she had observed Suzette with many a scrutinizing regard, and was particularly struck with the wan melancholy that clouded the countenance of

TAYLOR INSTITUTION UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD LIBRARY

of the dear unhappy girl, who was repeatedly interrogated by her with the same want of success. At length, however, doubt and apprehension were replaced by a more afflicting certainty, and she discovered that Suzette would soon become a mother.

She had awaited a day when my uncle had announced his intention of going to Herrenhausen to view the gardens, and then frankly imparted her suspicions to the luckless object of them; who, without seeking to deny the charge, fell at my mother's feet, and her expressive anguish, her tears and agonies, rendered any further confession unnecessary. Convulsed, and almost lifeless, she clung to the throbbing bosom that still cherished and compassionated her, but could not be prevailed upon to give any intimation that might discover the author of her misery.

My

My mother, overwhelmed with her own distress and that of the unhappy Suzette, returned home, and enquired if my father were alone. I trembled when I heard her speak, for her voice seemed to announce some dreadful calamity, and her mien confirmed it. I recollect that she walked a few minutes in the garden, to reflect, I suppose, upon the manner in which she ought to break the unfortunate affair to her husband.

At length, with lingering steps, and an air of forced composure, she entered his apartment, and found him, as usual, reading his journal with infinite complacency.

My mother sighed deeply more than once, and having seated herself, a sigh still more profound awakened the attention of my father.

"What

"What is the matter?" demanded he.

"This poor Suzette," replied my mother—"I fear—I fear every thing is not right with her!"

"Psha!" ejaculated my father: "do not make yourself uneasy on that subject; it is a whim that will shortly evaporate;" and he resumed his beloved journal.

My mother now began a long and confused exordium on the weakness and fallibility of man, and how readily he yields to temptation; and concluded by observing that we are commanded to forgive as we would ourselves be forgiven. Of this harangue her husband heard but little, and comprehended still less; and, to engage his attention, my mother said, in rather a louder key—"My dear, I have at length discovered the cause of the poor girl's distress."

"Indeed!"

"Indeed!" exclaimed my father, in a tone of extreme curiosity; then taking a pen from his inkstand, he prepared very eagerly to transfer the secret to his Bible.

"Proceed, my dear," added he.

My mother began a second preamble, equally tedious with the first, which my father could not very well attend to, because he was likewise composing one to prefix to the intelligence he was so earnest to learn.

When my mother had been speaking a few moments, she observed that her husband regarded her with fixed attention, and appeared impatient to hear her communication; so she concluded that she had sufficiently prepared him for it, and replied to his expecting "Well!"—

"Suzette, my dear—Suzette—Heaven have compassion on us!—Suzette is with child!"

The

The pen fell from the hand of my father, and, with an aspect pale as death, he sat without motion: at length he slowly raised his hand to his eyes, as if to exclude the light; it trembled excessively, and his countenance became still more ghastly.

My mother, in extreme terror, flew to him, and supporting his head on her bosom, execrated the hapless cause of their mutual distress; for the alarming anguish of her husband shut her heart to that of her niece.

My father at length recovered the power of articulation.

"With child!" repeated he, in faltering accents—"her whom—our Suzette! —Oh Heaven!—Suzette!" and concealing his face with his hands, it was soon bathed in tears.

"My dear friend," said my mother, in a voice of tenderness, "reflect upon that part of your narrative which you have so often read to us, written in the year sixty-three, on the death of our William. Did not Heaven then succour and support us?"

My father shook his head.

"I will look for it," resumed my mother, "for I have never heard it without receiving consolation."

She opened the Bible, found the passage she sought, placed it before him, and continued—"Look here, my dear Christian—read it—'The Lord has given, and the Lord has taken away!"

"The Lord has *not* taken her away!" interrupted my father, with mingled anger and grief. His eyes then fell on his beloved Bible; and opening it at the last page of his journal—"Vain hope!" exclaimed

exclaimed he, in an accent of despair; "I fondly believed that happiness and pleasure would still, as heretofore, guide my pen! How often have I looked over these leaves with delight and gratitude, when I reflected on the joyful hours they were destined to renew in our recollection! Now I must dip my pen in blood, and water the paper with my tears; and still I should but ill record the misery that awaits us. But what, alas, can I write? Great God! Suzette—the child of whom we felt so proud——Oh my brother! my brother! my poor Joseph!—this event will kill him—it will annihilate us all!" and he bathed with tears every leaf of his cherished book.

My mother attempted to remove it from his sight.

"Leave it, leave it," cried he:—"it is indeed ended, my brother—my journal is

is now concluded!—too truly did you conjecture it!"

Then catching up his pen with a hasty motion, he exclaimed—"Unhappy, imprudent girl!—Yet no, I will not curse her, whom in this same book I have so often blessed!"

The pen was replaced, and again resumed; and with a blush of mingled anger and shame, he wrote in large letters the once beloved name of Suzette; but the tears that dropped on the word immediately effaced it. "So much the better!" continued my father; and under the undistinguishable characters he added—"Thus end our happiness and my journal!"

After a long pause, he shut up the volume, which, until this luckless moment, had been the pleasure and solace of his life; and giving it to my mother—

"Carry it," said he, "to the chamber where our William died, and place it amidst his clothes."

My mother, who had rejoiced to find that my father had sufficiently recovered his spirits to feel angry, instantly obeyed; but she returned with the same haste to consult him concerning the hapless Suzette.

"What is to become of the poor unfortunate?" exclaimed she.

"What *is* to become of her!" repeated my father, with extreme indignation—"has she not already decided what she meant to become? From my sight she is henceforth banished, equally with the Bible, of which her misconduct has deprived me; and I command you, wife," he added, in a tone of authority very unusual to him, "never to exchange another sentence with her whilst you live!"

My

My mother was certain that he would soon recall this hasty mandate, and replied—"As you please, my dear friend: let us reflect, however, upon the situation of our poor brother—I am terrified when I think of the violence of his temper: are you not apprehensive that some unfortunate event may take place, unless we endeavour to prevent it? Let us at least have the consolation of saving him any other bitter regret."

My mother continued to soothe his irritation, until the anger of my father subsided, and he listened to her gentle representations: in compliance with her earnest entreaties, he consented that Suzette should be concealed at our house until the first tempest of her father's wrath had evaporated, and that he would himself impart the afflicting news that was to destroy the peace of his brother, who was not expected to return home until the day following.

It was not until the next morning, therefore, that my mother went to conduct poor Suzette to her asylum, which was precisely the chamber in which my brother William had breathed his last, and, on that account, never used by the family: it was immediately over our common sitting-room; and though my father was too much hurt and displeased to ask to see the culprit, yet when he distinguished her solitary steps, as she slowly paced her melancholy retreat, tears of compassion sprung to his eyes.

These symptoms of returning tenderness, however, he endeavoured to conceal from observation; but he every moment raised his eyes to the ceiling, when poor Suzette quickened her pace, with an evident increase of agitation.

"I cannot bear this," exclaimed he, rising, and rushing out of the house, to which in a few moments he again returned;

returned; and replacing himself in his usual seat, listened for some sound or motion from the chamber of Suzette—but neither the one nor the other could be distinguished.

"Go," said he to my mother, "go and see if all is right above stairs!" Then hesitating, as if ashamed of what he wished to add after his recent interdiction—"Speak to her," resumed he—"tell the poor unfortunate—tell her that her uncle wishes her the consolation he can never receive."

The Father.

SOON after, we heard the voice of my uncle under the window: he was followed by a man laden with a large quantity of plants and flowers, and giving us a hasty salutation as he passed, hurried towards his own habitation.

The countenance of my father again changed to an extreme paleness; and, taking his hat with a deep-drawn sigh, he slowly followed the steps of his brother, whom he found very busy in his garden.

"Christian,"

"Christian," said the veteran, his eyes sparkling with pleasure, "I am at length returned you see from Herrenhausen—never was I more delighted! They have a collection of shrubs, plants, and flowers, such as I never saw equalled! These are but trifling—I have others—some of them must be placed in my greenhouse—others can stand in my study; and if I am distressed for room, my bedchamber will contain the rest. Look, this is a rododendron, native of the Alps, which has a flower of the finest crimson, and is an evergreen. That——"

"Joseph," interrupted my father—but the florist was too busy and too happy to attend to any thing but his newly acquired treasure; and the resolution of my father faltered.

"I have bought," continued my uncle, who threw off his coat, and was already digging very eagerly, "three very curious geraniums and a grandiflora, which next summer will be superb. I

have brought with me directions for the cultivation of them all. How happy it will make me to read in your journal—'On such a day the grandiflora began to blow with every promise of becoming very beautiful!'

"And then it perished!" added my father, with a faltering accent.

"Perished! by no means.—This one with the double blossom, blows from the month of June to September.—Here is a root of Virginian honeysuckle——"

"Joseph, listen to me, I entreat you."

"Ah! here is my basteria—a choice plant, Christian—I did not obtain it without difficulty—it is a perfect sansspareil; its flowers exhale the perfume of the finest spices: I never beheld one in blossom; but in two years from this time we shall both see it. Then I have brought a very fine passion-flower; so called, because you may discern in it all the instruments

ments used in the sacred crucifixion—every emblem of the sufferings——"

"Alas, my brother, we need no *emblem* of sufferings! we are ourselves destined to experience those of the bitterest anguish and regret: my journal is concluded—I can never resume it!"

My uncle raised his eyes in the utmost astonishment, and remarked, for the first time, the altered expression of his brother's countenance, whom he now began to question with as much vivacity as he had before used in interrupting him; and when my father pronounced the name of Suzette, he instantly formed a hundred conjectures, of which each succeeding one was more terrible than the former.

"She is ill!" exclaimed he—"she is dead!—she is drowned!—she is poisoned!—she has fallen under the wheel of the mill, and is torn to pieces!—Speak—

speak!" he added, seizing the arm of my father.

"Not so," replied he, in a hesitating voice, "she lives—and—is well."

My uncle quitted his arm, and breathed with less effort.

"Inform me then," resumed he, with more tranquillity, "what has happened."

"It is still worse than if I were compelled to announce her death," sighed my father, hurried on too promptly by his own feelings—"Suzette is becoming a mother!"

My uncle stood for some time without speech, without motion, and without the power of breathing—he looked the well-sculptured image of consternation and horror: at length, half starting—"That, indeed," said he, in slow, measured accents, "I thought not of!"

His

His colourless lips trembled as he spoke, and he leaned for the support his agitated frame required, against a stage erected for his flowers.

My father, almost equally distressed, knew not how to console him, and silently he regarded his agonized brother with a countenance of the tenderest compassion; whilst my uncle, suddenly exhibiting a strong emotion of rage, flew to his greenhouse, and snatching a fowling-piece from one of the shelves—"Yes," he ejaculated, "wherever I behold her——"

My father, fearing he would avenge upon himself the disappointment of not finding the hapless girl, endeavoured to disarm him; but my uncle violently opposed this intention, and in the struggle the piece went off, and my father fell.

The fury of his brother was considerably abated by this circumstance, for he believed that my father was at least wounded, if not killed; and throwing himself on the ground beside him, in an agony of terror—"Christian, my dear Christian," cried he, "where are you hurt?"

My father placed his hand on his breast, which had been struck with considerable force by the but-end of the gun; and this motion increased the alarm of my uncle, who half raised the sufferer, and supported him in his arms, himself kneeling on the earth.

"Grant me a favour, Joseph," said my father, panting from the effect of the concussion on his stomach.

"Any thing, my brother—all that you can ask of me—I swear it by the God of mercy! Let me now assist you

to rise; let me examine—are you not wounded?"

The pallid countenance of my father, and the apprehension of having occasioned his death, had softened the spirit of his brother, generally violent and obdurate; and my father wishing to profit by the accident, required him to repeat the promise still more solemnly.

"I request, Joseph," resumed he, "that you pardon your luckless child."

At this express mention of his daughter, the rage of my uncle rekindled; but at length my father prevailed; for his brother recollected that he had sworn, and his oath was held sacred.

My father then suffered him to walk to and fro for some time, whilst he silently placed himself on a bench, to await the calmer

calmer sentiments of the irritated parent.

In about a quarter of an hour my uncle returned to him, and stretching out his trembling hand to meet that of a friend—"I have sworn, and will preserve my oath inviolate," said he, with an aspect of gloomy composure: "but who is the demon—the seducer? By the living God," he added, with a menacing gesture, "him I will never pardon!"

My father was himself entirely ignorant on this subject, and could not reply to his demand.

"As for her," resumed my uncle, "if she is still desirous of life, let her live, since I have sworn not to abridge her dishonoured being. But, Oh, that I had followed her to a grave whilst yet she was innocent! how much anguish and misery would

would not that have spared us!—Christian, where is she?"

My father did not chuse to inform him, and the enquiry was not much urged.

"Well, let it then be so!" exclaimed my uncle, after a long pause: "but had you not drawn from me that oath, my intention would ere this have been executed: God and man should have witnessed the vengeance her crime had urged, and that in exhibiting the semblance of virtue with a corrupted heart, she had deceived her father equally with the rest of the world! But what is now to be done?" added he, with a look of wildness that terrified my father, who drew him gently upon the bench, where he was still seated, and endeavoured to persuade him that the error of Suzette and its consequences, might be concealed with great facility.

"My

"My wife is likewise with child, you know, my dear Joseph," said he; "and we may very easily——"

"Hide her infamy!" interrupted the unhappy father: "no, it shall not be so—I never yet deceived any one, and I never will; there shall not be any concealments—she is lost to virtue, and I am dishonoured for ever! Heaven compassionate and protect me! I have now nothing left in this life that is worth a care! But I will not deceive a single human being—if she be faulty, let her appear so. Honour, happiness, reputation, all that should be dear to the heart, is wrecked, save only that candour a vicious man never preserves, and which shall still be mine!"

My father attempted not any reply to this observation, which accorded well with the open sincerity of his own disposition. They passed another hour in melancholy

melancholy reflection, each revolving, with anxious sadness, the consequences of the error that so cruelly overwhelmed them.

At length my uncle, in a cool, decided tone, announced his intention of seeing his daughter.

"Not immediately," he added, "for my mind is not yet sufficiently calmed; our calamity is irrevocable—nothing can alleviate it; but I will endeavour to compose myself enough to see her at eight this evening. Once more I reiterate my promise—I will not even utter one upbraiding sentence: what purpose would it indeed answer? harshness or violence cannot recall the past or ameliorate the future. Yes, at eight this evening I will see her."

My father would fain have penetrated the further intentions of his brother, of whose

whose purpose he felt rather suspicious; but my uncle replied with a saturnine air to his enquiries—" I am unfortunately her parent! that I presume is a sufficient reason for desiring to see and converse with this unhappy young creature: something must be done with her."

" But what, my dear Joseph?" asked my father.

" Can she remain in this place?" demanded my uncle, with indignant impatience. " No, she must quit it: and it is to settle this point that I desire to see her."

" This interview will break your heart, my brother."

" It may be so; but it is, nevertheless, necessary that it should take place."

" And your hapless child!—remember, Joseph, that you are her only parent—reflect upon the tender affection with which she has hitherto been cherished."

" Is

"Is not that an aggravation of her fault, and does she not deserve to suffer for her base ingratitude? or would you wish me to say—'Suzette, my daughter, do not weep; I do not consider your error to be in the least culpable—your conduct is worthy of approbation!' Heaven and earth! yes, she *shall* suffer! At eight precisely I charge you, Christian, to send her to me."

My father made him repeat once more that he would not allow his resentment to infringe upon the promise he had given, and they separated.

The Punishment.

MY mother, in this interval, had conversed for some time with Suzette; but she did not chuse to impart to her husband, at his return, all that had passed between them. Her niece had regained some part of her former tranquillity; and whilst acknowledging her faulty conduct, still defended it from the imputation of criminality, without explaining the circumstances that might create the distinction; and my good mother, not exactly comprehending it, felt herself, nevertheless, rather comforted by the assertion.

She

She then demanded of Suzette the name of her seducer, incautiously adding that the vengeance of my uncle would not fail to overtake him.

The faint colour that sometimes revisited the cheeks of poor Suzette entirely forsook them at this menace; but it soon returned with a deeper glow, and she exclaimed—"Never from me shall my father learn it!"

My mother endeavoured to convince her that her concealment of any particular which her friends required of her, would aggravate her fault; and more especially that she ought to give up, without hesitation, the name of the man who had destroyed the peace of her family: but Suzette, with equal gentleness and respect, combated this opinion; and my mother resorted alternately to the grief, the indignation, the shame, and the resentment of her brother-in-law, which ought

ought not to be further heightened, she said, by any new instance of disobedience. Still, however, the determined silence of Suzette could not be overcome, who, on the contrary, persevered in her idea of right, with a species of dignity and firmness that could not be conquered either by representation or entreaty; so that it required all the goodness of heart my mother possessed, and all the affection she experienced for her obdurate neice, to induce her to interest herself any further in her behalf. Yet she thought proper to represent her to my father in a more favourable light than she herself beheld her in; for she assured him that Suzette felt the most acute anguish and regret for the disgrace she had entailed upon them all, and repented her lapse from virtue with her whole heart.

This idea almost reconciled my father with the offender.—"Poor girl!" exclaimed

claimed he. "Well, there is joy in heaven over a sinner that repenteth!"

As for me, I was astonished at the air of desolation I observed in every countenance, and at the seclusion of my beloved cousin; and it was I who was destined to annihilate, by an unfortunate chance, the short-lived calm which Suzette appeared to derive from her own reflections; or because the secret which had weighed so dreadfully on her mind, was at length known to her friends, from whose affection she might perhaps expect forgiveness and indulgence. Fain would I behold her once again, and implore her pardon for the pangs I so innocently occasioned.

When my father returned from the conference with his brother, he felt very forcibly the apprehension and distress poor Suzette must experience at the necessity of the dreaded interview which must so

soon

soon take place between herself and her father: but he was unwilling that my mother should perceive how much this idea occupied him; and having waited until she left the room, he then desired me, in a low, anxious voice, to go to the apartment poor Suzette occupied, and set with her an hour or two. He appeared to want a pretext to see her himself, but feared to gratify this affectionate solicitude, lest he should too expressly and too perfectly forgive her: he was indeed, during the whole day, so much inclined to complacency and benevolence, that when he heard my mother reproving a servant for some particular negligence, he gently interposed.

"My dear friend," cried he, "you have already said enough: consider, we are all faulty; our servants are but erring beings, like ourselves!" and the tears started to his eyes; for he was thinking of Suzette.

I now

I now ran up stairs, conjecturing, from what I had remarked, that my amiable cousin, of whom I was uncommonly fond, had incurred the temporary displeasure of her father: I found her, however, tolerably calm and composed; and, at her own request, I very minutely informed her of every circumstance I had witnessed below stairs, since her seclusion. I told her too that I had seen my father weep very much the day before, and that I had observed my mother bring his large Bible into the room we then occupied.

"His Bible!" repeated Suzette; "for what reason?—where is it?"

"Here, in these drawers," I replied, "with poor William's clothes—my father would have it so."

When I had uttered these words, the emotion of Suzette was very visible: she hastily arose, and approached the repo-

sitory I had described; and guessing that she wished to examine the sacred volume that was habitually interesting to us both, I drew it from its recess.

Lost in thought, Suzette regarded the book for some time in silence, then opened it with a trembling hand, and cast her humid eyes over some of the leaves, which I read with eager curiosity, for never until this moment had I ventured to touch it.

Suzette likewise hung over those sentences in which her name, accompanied by praises and blessings, was introduced. Her tears ceased, and a ghastly paleness overspread her cheeks, as she continued reading; and at length she reached the last written page.

"The day before yesterday," said she, regarding the date, and raising her fine eyes to heaven, with a deep sigh. On

this very day my father had renewed his commendations, and those benedictions that marked his extreme affection. Suzette read, and with a look that marked compunction, dread, and impatience, she advanced her hand to turn the leaf, and again withdrew it with the tremor of horror.

Observing her irresolution, I rendered her the cruel service her own trembling nerves refused; and when she saw her name almost effaced by tears, and read those well-remembered words — "Thus end our happiness and my journal," she shuddered, and raised her clasped hands in an agony I even yet recall with terror. The next moment she caught the edge of the table for support, and sinking to the ground, remained upon her knees, her head resting on the fatal page.

Alarmed at seeing her thus agitated, I enquired the reason of her sorrow, but

she replied not; and at length, slowly rising—" Is it true," exclaimed she, in an accent of despair, " that I have rendered you all unhappy?"

Unable to stand, she now threw herself into a chair, where she sat without motion, with her eyes fixed: frightened and shocked, I flew to her, and taking her hand, found it as cold as marble.

" Suzette, my dear Suzette," cried I, " speak to me!—I will go and bring my mother!"

This exclamation, and my extreme terror, appeared to awaken her recollection, and she entreated me not to quit her yet; endeavouring, at the same time, to compose her disordered spirits, to induce me to comply with the request. A few minutes after, she begged me to go privately to her father's, and observe, if possible, what

what he was doing, and if he looked sad or angry.

I was at all times ambitious of executing any little good office for my beloved Suzette, and, eagerly accepting the commission, I ran softly down the stairs, and slipping out of the house, soon reached my uncle's garden, perplexing myself the whole way with a variety of suppositions concerning the offence of my cousin.

When I had placed myself in a situation to observe what was passing on her father's premises, I beheld him, in frantic wrath, trampling under foot his most beautiful flowers—the ground was strewed with them; and even the wonders of Herrenhausen were as little spared, for they formed a part of the general ruin, and were laying amidst broken garden-pots and the demolished stages that had been destined to support them.

Such a spectacle made me forget that my mission was to be a secret one, and thrusting my head through the hedge, I called out—"Oh, what a pity!—Uncle, what a havoc you have made! Why do you walk over your nice flowers?"

"Pity!" replied my uncle, in unrestrained fury; "no, I will destroy them all—they shall all be destroyed!" he repeated, in a voice that made me tremble; and he instantly overturned a long bench on which were placed his pots of tuberoses, which dashed into a thousand fragments.

"There is an end of them all!" exclaimed he, with a dreadful smile.

I was so much chagrined at the destruction of his fine flowers, that I could not forbear renewing my plaint; and my uncle then regarded me with such an expression of wild fury in his aspect, that I ran home in great terror, and creeping up

up stairs, related to Suzette, in considerable consternation, all that I had seen and heard.

"Oh Heaven!" exclaimed she, "all the pleasure, all the amusement of my father lost—destroyed—and by me!" Then taking a pencil from her pocket, she wrote several lines in the Bible of my father, and burst into an agony of tears.

"I am indeed," added she, "most severely punished; and now I am sensible that I merit it all!"

Suzette then observing that I wept, begged me to leave her and go to my parents. I embraced her affectionately, and complied.

My father regarded me attentively when I appeared before him, and perceiving the grief I could not conceal, his aspect betrayed an increase of sadness. When

the clock struck eight, he suddenly started from his chair, and desired my mother to conduct Suzette down stairs; observing, at the same time, that he feared the poor girl would never be prevailed upon to venture into the presence of her father. Suzette consented to it, however, without hesitating a moment; and embracing my mother—"I am now," said she, "fully sensible of my guilt."

My mother expressing her apprehensions of her brother's violence of disposition, Suzette replied, with gentleness—"I must patiently endure all that he chuses to inflict—all—every thing! Have I not rendered you all unhappy? Oh, I should have guessed at the consequences—I ought to have foreseen them! Now then let us go, my dear aunt."

They descended the stairs together. My father had just resolved not to see poor Suzette; but when he heard her plaintive

plaintive voice, he flew to the door she was to pass, and called her to him.

Suzette hid her face upon my mother's shoulder, and again he called, in an accent still more tender. She sunk on her knees, and my father raised her, saying—"I will conduct her myself!—Charles, give me my hat."

Suzette, however, conjured him not to accompany her.

"It is to a parent I go," said she; "and I do not merit your compassion."

My father at length consented to remain at home, and suffered my mother, as he had originally intended, to protect poor Suzette by her presence.

They were obliged to pass through the garden which was, as I had described, a theatre of ruins; and Suzette stopping a

moment to regard them, clasped her hands together, and as she approached the house, her tremor increased.

Her father himself opened the door, and said to my mother, with a look of extreme dejection—"Tell your husband that I shall recollect my promise.—Go in," he added, half turning to Suzette.—"Sister, good night."

My mother would have spoken, but as he instantly retreated, and closed the door, she was compelled to return without having obtained an opportunity of saying one word in favour of her niece.

When my father heard this account, he instantly set out for the house of his brother; where, however, he could not gain admission: but after waiting some time in extreme anxiety, Suzette, who had heard his voice, approached a window: she was weeping; but she assured him that she had

had been received much more kindly than she could possibly have expected.

The apprehensions of my father were considerably abated by this intelligence, and he returned home.

We afterwards discovered that when my uncle had shut the door upon my mother, he returned to his hapless Suzette, and said, with an accent of constrained calm—"I have promised my brother that I would not suffer my resentment to endanger your life, and I will keep my word. I now thank God that I saw you not in my first transport of anger! I no longer consider you to be amenable to my authority, and I shall no longer think myself obliged to watch over you. What you have done, no future circumspection can efface: you have already dishonoured——but no matter. There is still one satisfaction, however, which you can procure me—one solitary

satisfaction, which if you do not hesitate to give me, will even yet, I believe, be followed by my forgiveness."

"Your forgiveness, my father!" repeated Suzette, eagerly—"Oh, what would I not do to obtain it! But only one thing," she added, in a faltering voice, a blush of apprehension mantling on her cheek—"one thing only I cannot——"

My uncle knit his brows.

"Name the villain," said he, fiercely, "who has plunged us all in misery!"

Suzette hung her head in silence.

"Well then," resumed her father, after a pause, "preserve your secret—perhaps it may be better; for I have sworn before God to deprive him of life the moment I discover him: and now promise me that you will most scrupulously perform

form all that I may think proper to exact, independent of this point, in which I perceive you refuse to oblige me."

Suzette readily gave the affirmation required.

"It is well," said my uncle, "I am satisfied:" and he went to his own apartment, where he employed himself in carefully packing up a considerable sum of money.

In this interval, my father having vainly knocked at the door, was compelled to return home, after having received from Suzette the consolatory assurance I have already mentioned; and he had not long withdrawn when my uncle reappeared, to desire his daughter to collect all that she conveniently could of her wardrobe into a large bundle.

With

With a palpitating heart, she obeyed; and my uncle himself assisted her in the prescribed task. It was now past nine o'clock, and the hemisphere enlightened only by those stars that were to witness the banishment of poor Suzette.

My uncle now unfolded to her his intentions.

"You must quit this place," said he; "and the promise I have exacted is this, that you remove yourself far from my dwelling, and never let me hear of you more: you must never address a line to any one in this place—henceforth we are strangers to each other."

"Not even write!" exclaimed Suzette, with a start of agony.

"Remember, your promise is solemnly given—you are not to write to any one," replied my uncle.

"Oh, I see—I can feel," exclaimed Suzette,

Suzette, with unusual energy, "that in this interdiction the vengeance of Heaven overtakes me! It is not you alone, my father, who require this sacrifice, more afflictive than even you can imagine, but Heaven that demands it. I have deprived you of happiness, and the Almighty thus destroys every hope I had reserved. Yes," continued she, raising her clasped hands, "I here offer up my only prospect of returning peace, my only glimmering of comfort—*I will not write to any one!*"

Her last accents were those of despair; and unable any longer to support herself, she sunk on a chair, her head falling on her bosom.

My uncle was uncommonly affected, and his stern resolution was giving way as he regarded her anguish, when Suzette suddenly rising, demanded, in a tone of desperate composure, his further commands.

mands. He felt all his indignation rekindle at the manner which accompanied this enquiry, which, from an innate consciousness of severity, he imputed to contempt or defiance; and the violence of his resentment confined to his own bosom by the oath he had taken, became only the stronger by the bounds in which he was compelled to keep it.

"I require of you," said he, with sternness, "to give up the name of your virtuous family: it has been already polluted; but I shall not suffer it to be further dishonoured: and now I have only to desire that you do not deceive any man who may seek to marry you. You had better avoid marriage; you will then have leisure to repent your error: and may Heaven forgive you for having rendered us all so miserable!"

Suzette bowed her head.

"In

"In this small trunk," continued my uncle, "you will find five hundred crowns; they will assist you to live—your industry must do the rest."

Then giving the trunk to the trembling Suzette, he put on his hat, and slinging the bundle over his shoulder, they left the house, and my uncle led the way in silence to the neighbouring town.

As they proceeded, each occupied by their reflections, my uncle reverted in idea to the sneers and taunts to which he should be exposed, when the evasion and disgrace of Suzette should transpire; and this apprehension so much increased his anger, that he could scarcely refrain from reviling or maltreating her.

Having at length arrived at an inn, in the place to which he had directed the steps of his daughter, my uncle, observing a stage-coach in the yard, apparently

rently ready to go off, regarded it expressively, then turned towards Suzette with a look she could not fail to comprehend.

Poor Suzette, in obedience to this implied command, demanded, in faltering accents, if there were a vacant place in the machine, and receiving an affirming answer, she threw herself on her father's bosom, and faintly murmured—"We shall meet again in eternity!"

They almost instantly raised her into the coach, with her little property; the next minute it was in motion, and in two more my uncle losing sight of it, remained immoveably fixed to the spot where he had received her last embrace, until the scalding tears that fell from his eyes, recalled him in some degree to recollection.

"She

"She is gone then!" he exclaimed: then hardening himself against the reproaches of his own heart, "and if," he added, "I had ten daughters as culpable as she is, I would part with them all, even if the effort cost me my life!"

He struck the stick on which poor Suzette's bundle had hung, violently on the ground, and repeated—"They should all go, even if I sunk in the conflict; and that I believe," added he, as he turned to the road that led to the village, "that I believe will soon be the case!"

When my uncle opened his own door—"I had rather," thought he, "enter my tomb than this house: then, at least, I could not be haunted by the afflicting ideas that will now continually pursue me—my saddened heart would not be always whispering—'Where is she now?—what

what can she be doing?—with whom is her existence passed?' Oh Suzette! the bitterest moments of my life are yet to come!"

The Dispute.

AT eleven the next morning, my uncle came to us; and my father was almost prepared to approve of all he should have said or done, from his eagerness to justify him in the opinion of my mother, who had said the evening before that he was a tyrant, and not a father.

At

At breakfast she had repeated the same sentence; for, in fact, she was extremely piqued that she had been compelled so abruptly to return home, without discovering what the intentions of my uncle were; and this disappointment co-operating with her affection for Suzette, induced her again to urge her opinion that he was a tyrant, and not a father.

Her husband, who was inclined to become the champion of every human being who suffered either from censure or oppression, instantly undertook to vindicate my uncle from the charge produced against him.

"You have not well considered this matter, my dear," said he: "on whom do the shame and penalty of a young woman's irregularities fall so much as on her parent?"

My

My mother, on hearing this, instead of exculpating Suzette, which had been her intention, thought proper to combat this point.

"I think," exclaimed she, hastily, "the disgrace will fall quite as heavily on us as on our brother, as we are richer than our neighbours, and have been more highly considered; and as they know that we have always valued ourselves on our reputation and virtue, they will not fail to catch at an opportunity of putting us more on a par with themselves. 'Look at those wise Englemans,' they will say, 'how virtuously they have brought up their handsome niece!'

Here she entered into a minute detail of all that could be possibly said on the subject, tacitly excusing, in her hasty zeal, the harshness of my uncle, instead of reprobating it as she had originally meant;

meant; and unconsciously irritating the wounded feelings of her husband.

"Well then, you see my brother is right," said he, angrily.

"He is a tyrant," resumed she, "and not a father!"

After breakfast, the controversy was renewed, and my mother, with the same indiscreet vivacity, still blamed the violence of her brother-in-law; so that when he appeared before them, my father stretched out his hand, to announce his friendly disposition towards him.

My uncle did not advance to receive it however, but remained standing, his eyes bent to the ground, and his countenance indicating a consciousness by no means self-satisfactory.

"How are you, and how is poor Suzette?" asked my mother, in a gentle tone;

tone; for the evident affliction of her brother-in-law had much softened her resentment.

"She is gone from hence," he replied: "she could not remain here, you must allow."

"No, certainly," returned my father; "it was absolutely necessary she should be sent away for some time."

"Where have you placed the poor girl?" asked my mother.

He hesitated, and would fain have vindicated or excused what he had done, although those reasons which had so lately appeared to him all-sufficient retired like cowards before the strong reproaches he fully expected, and almost felt he deserved: he began his exordium, therefore, with the shame and disgrace Suzette had entailed upon the whole family, and then proceeded to relate, without further argument, all that had passed the preceding evening.

My

My father listened in silence, until he mentioned that he had compelled Suzette to promise that she would not write; and he then joined in my mother's repeated demand of her place of refuge. His brother, however, proceeded in his narrative; and speaking of their arrival at the inn—"It appeared to me," he continued, "the ordination of Heaven, that we should reach it as a coach was passing through the town, and stopped for a few moments before the door."

My father, starting up, exclaimed—"And whither was it going?"

"Suzette demanded a place in it," resumed my uncle, in a lower voice, "and—she went——"

"Went whither?" cried my father, warmly.

My uncle was silent, and had the embarrassed air of a person who was unable to give the information required.

"Whither have you sent her?" repeated my father, angrily. "Am I not interested in learning where my niece, the child of my brother, is exiled?"

"We can easily learn to what place the coach was going," replied my uncle, in still increasing embarrassment.

"You do not know then whither you have driven your unfortunate daughter!" exclaimed my father, in a rage. "It is too true that you are a tyrant, and not a parent! Call me no longer brother, I renounce you: he who cannot cherish his offspring is incapable of fraternal affection; and you possess none of the tenderness of a parent."

Then clasping his hands together—"You have forbidden her to write, and I would give half my property only to behold one line traced by her hand!"

I had listened to this conversation, which had strongly excited my curiosity, from

from an adjoining room; and on hearing the last exclamation of my father, I ran up stairs, and loading myself with the folio Bible, carried it to him, with the intention of showing him the lines Suzette had written with her pencil; but, without allowing me time to speak, he snatched the volume from me, and said, with indignant grief—"Happiness is now indeed fled from us! Until this moment I yet cherished a hope that I might have had some consolatory circumstance to register here; but this unnatural father——" Then, from long habit perhaps, he turned over the leaves of his beloved journal, and suddenly ceased speaking, to read the sentence written by the hapless exile, which accidentally presented itself.

"Great God!" resumed my father, "what must she not have suffered in tracing these characters!—Poor Suzette! she cannot surely long support the misery

of her lot! cruelly driven from her friends, from her home, she will die a wandering outcast, far from all she loves!—Suzette! my child! it was not I who spurned you—no, I am innocent of the outrage which your youth and situation should have prevented. Look here, obdurate man—see what she has written!"

"What—where?" demanded my uncle.

With a broken voice, my father read aloud.

"Oh my dear uncle!" said Suzette, "has my culpable error indeed closed the journal of your benevolent life? I have likewise bathed with tears the name which yours had nearly effaced—the name of your luckless Suzette, who was destined to destroy your happiness! Oh, believe me when I call Heaven to witness that I am less criminal than unfortunate! May the silent tomb quickly close upon

upon this broken heart! and then, my uncle, you may again resume your pen, and write under my name the forgiveness I dare not yet ask. I will solicit the Almighty to preserve your blameless life, and efface from your recollection the short and painful existence of the poor girl you once so tenderly loved! May my father soon regain his former peace, and find amusement amidst his flowers, when the emotion of horror and just anger is past, that impelled him to destroy so many; and then let him give the name of Suzette to every one he may find blasted by lightning or broken by a tempest! Oh my uncle! I am most wretched!"

These lines were neither read nor heard without many tears and interruptions. My uncle sat immovable, his countenance pale, and his eyes fixed on the earth.

"Christian," said he, after a long pause, "my dear Christian——"

"Go," interrupted my father, indignantly: "my wife and I forgave and pitied her—you alone drove her inexorably from you!"

He then wrote the forgiveness she had only ventured to ask at her death, and under it he added these words—"May the blessing of Heaven ever accompany you, as constantly as my affection, dear unhappy girl, abandoned by a father!"

When this sentence was repeated aloud, my uncle gnashed his teeth with rage, and putting on his hat amidst a volley of half-pronounced execrations, he left the house in violent indignation.

"Let him go!" said my father; "so much the better! I am not sorry for it! —Let my horse be instantly saddled— I will seek out the poor wanderer!"

This

This order was immediately obeyed, and my father galloped to the town from which Suzette had begun her melancholy peregrination. He learned at the inn that three coaches had stopped at it the evening before, and that in each of them were female passengers; but the name of Suzette was not to be found in either register, and my father was compelled to await the return of the coachmen. From the report of one of them, who recollected her figure, and indicated the place where she had quitted the coach, my father was enabled to continue his pursuit; but when he arrived at this place, he learned, to his extreme mortification, that Suzette had deviated from the public road, and it was conjectured that she had walked to some neighbouring village.

My father employed several days in searching them, and then proceeded to every town in the vicinity; but every endeavour to trace her further was ineffectual,

fectual, and, exhausted by fatigue and anxiety, he at length returned home, still more exasperated at the cruelty of his brother.

Yet in less than a week, notwithstanding the unsuccessful researches he still made, my father effaced very carefully from his journal the words "abandoned by a father." In three days more, after reflecting upon the misconduct of Suzette, whom still, however, he tenderly regretted, he began to think himself more in fault than his brother, on the subject of the disagreement between them.

A short time after, he exhorted my mother and me very earnestly never to yield to the impulse of passion, and cited himself as an example of the inconvenience and inquietude resulting from it.

"The happiness of my poor brother was shipwrecked," said he, "and he found

found in my harsh reproaches the rude and craggy rock that bruised and threw him back to the relentless waves!"

He then fondly reverted to the affection my uncle had ever testified for him, and entreated us, when his brother returned amongst us, not to afflict him by mentioning Suzette.

The next morning, my father having procured, at some expence, an uncommon fine plant, bade me carry it to my uncle's house, place it in his little conservatory, and return without being noticed.

"Perhaps he may come to-day," said my father, when I had executed this little commission: "if he should not, I will go to him."

My uncle came, the brothers were

reconciled, as I have described, and I received my brevet of biographer.

Suzette from this time was never named amongst us; but she was never forgotten—any accident, word, or sentence that recalled her idea, found a prompt passage to the heart of her father and of mine, who could not read without a tear the farewell she had written with her pencil, which he had carefully retraced with ink; and whenever my uncle could contrive to procure the Bible without being observed, he regarded the last words of poor Suzette with gloomy emotion: but he had resumed the care of his flowers, and my father had recontinued his journal.

In a few months my mother brought into the world a daughter, who was named Caroline; but I preferred calling her Linette, and both these appellations were familiar to her.

Her

Her birth was an alleviation of our sorrow, though when my uncle first learned it, he raised his eyes to heaven, and striking the floor with his stick, exclaimed—"A daughter! Woe to the man who is the parent of a daughter!"

My father, embracing his little one, implored of Heaven that she might ever cherish virtue, and be more fortunate than——. The sentence remained unfinished; but in recording the birth of Linette—"May she," he added, "resemble Suzette, and avoid her hapless destiny!"

Poor Suzette! her image, as we last beheld her, left a sensation of sadness in every bosom that spread a hue of melancholy even over our pleasures; but we would not abandon the hope of one day discovering her retreat. Even yet, not one of the family could divine who

was her seducer; and my uncle allowed that it was better the secret should remain one, when he recollected his oath.

The Reprobate.

MY father had once had an intention of sending me to some school where I might qualify myself for a more distinguished situation in life; but since the unfortunate lapse of Suzette, his ambition on this point was much diminished, and at length he decided that I should remain under his own eye.

Before

Before this epocha, my parents had sometimes had little contentions concerning my future destination; my uncle and my mother very much desiring to behold me a great man, for which eminence I must certainly receive a college education.

"This boy has certainly a genius," exclaimed my uncle.

"Quote me a single instance that announces his superiority over other children of his age," replied my father, "and I will send him to school this very day. You are at a loss. My dear brother, I have heard the phrase as ill applied a thousand times; it is the common cry of partial relatives."

"My grandfather was the Minister of Breinrode," said my mother; "and a very learned man he was. Charles is as like him as one drop of water to another!"

"Your

"Your grandfather was a very worthy man, my dear," returned my father; "but his erudition was not very marvellous."

My mother rose from her seat with considerable indignation; for of her learned grandfather she was extremely proud. At this movement, my father took a packet of papers from the upper shelf of his bookcase, and held it towards her with a smile of ironical defiance.

My mother understood the intimation, and again seated herself with a more humble mien than at the beginning of the controversy. In this manner the little disputes respecting the talents and erudition of the good old Clergyman of Breinrode always terminated.—The packet contained his sermons!

My father, in defence of his present wish

wish of retaining me at home, advanced a train of arguments to prove that children, besides the resemblance they bear to their parents in features and person, often inherit their faults, their habits, their virtues, their inclinations, and their talents; and from thence he concluded that the son should follow the business or occupation of the father.

My uncle disputed this thesis.

"Our ancestors," said he, "for two or three generations back, were schoolmasters: I am a soldier by profession, you an honest farmer; and we are as respectable in our way as they were, notwithstanding we are not, like them, schoolmasters."

"That is true, Joseph; but recollect that our late father had been a soldier in his youth; and, in the second place, you must agree that we inherit naturally an inclination and taste for writing and figures:

figures: yourself, me, this boy, and—and poor Suz——I was saying, we have all something of the schoolmaster in us—we have all, and individually the genius of the Englemans. This boy has never been instructed but by us; and surely he could not have been so well taught by our village pedagogue, who hammers upon the poor children as if they were horseshoes; because, unfortunately for them, his father was a blacksmith."

My uncle smiled at this idea, notwithstanding his impatience of contradiction; but he was fond of systems, especially when the imagination came in play: and the young people serving as the anvil under the hammer of the blacksmith schoolmaster, pleased him excessively.

"I believe you are right, Christian," said he; "but I cannot give up my wish. At least, suffer Charles to receive a college education, that he may be qualified

lified for the profession of his grandfather: besides, you will then be certain that your Bible will descend into proper hands."

My father was secretly flattered with the latter part of this speech.

"Well, well," returned he, "we will see about it."

But the mishap of poor Suzette had again occasioned an alteration in his sentiments; and he trembled lest my future journal should one day be interrupted by an event as distressing as that which had suspended his own.

"The scanty portion of happiness I may yet enjoy," said he to my mother, "after such a blow as we have received, is too dear to me, to be lightly risked; I shall, therefore, retain my son under my own guardianship."

My

My uncle vainly opposed this resolution, in which he obstinately persisted; and I therefore remained at home.

My father, however, did not in fact object to my learning, provided I could be taught in the paternal mansion; and I was not compelled to any employment incompatible with my literary career. As a proper introduction to it, I was dressed with scholastic decorum, and ordered to read every book which could be procured by my indefatigable uncle, as well as by my father.

From this judicious plan, the fruitful years of youth might have been lost without resource, but for one of those lucky incidents to which man is often more indebted than his pride will generally allow him to acknowledge.

As I was now indubitably regarded as the legitimate heir of the Bible, and successor

cessor to the family biography of my father, I was often suffered to look over different parts of it, and, to accustom me to the same style, I was sometimes compelled to insert the little events most interesting to me. Besides this occasional employment, I always assisted my uncle in autumn to place his plants and flowers in *winter quarters;* and in the spring they never *took the field,* as he expressed it, without my help, which I was extremely eager to offer. I was very expert likewise in nursing my little sister, and teaching her to walk and to prattle. These were my important occupations; and if meantime I but carried a book in my pocket, I was allowed to ramble where I pleased; and Heaven knows I was much more anxious to discover birds' nests than to explore the literary treasures my good father and uncle were so solicitous to provide me with: so it frequently happened that my wise companion, the book, was never thought of through the whole

whole day. It was in one of these amusing walks round the village that I met with the incident I have alluded to—an incident that has had a very particular influence over my destiny.

This was no less than my first encounter with a Mr. Valdenburg, better known in the neighbourhood by the appellation of the *Reprobate* than by his family name; and I must acknowledge the young man well appeared to merit the reputation he had obtained, which had not been affixed to him by vague report, but by the acknowledgment of his parents, and the concurrence of his father's domestics, who had known him from infancy, and unanimously represented him as the most worthless wretch that had ever disgraced human nature. It was said that he had attempted to deprive his father of life, and, amidst his other evil actions, had aimed at the seduction of his mother-in-law: in short, he was universally regarded with

with aversion and horror, and commonly cited as an example, to prove that there do exist characters so innately depraved, that no means upon earth are potent enough to change and amend them.

From his childhood, the *Reprobate* had betrayed an insurmountable obstinacy and sullenness of disposition; whilst the superiority of his genius, and the extent of his acquired knowledge, conspired to render his vices still more dangerous and redoubtable.

His conduct at an academy where he had been placed, had been so reprehensible, that it had occasioned his expulsion; and his father at length gave him a governor, with an intention that he should travel for a few years: but, alas, the poor governor had been compelled to resign his office ere they had traced a quarter of their route. Young Valdenburg was afterwards placed in other situations

ations with equal discredit to himself; and his father, who was generally esteemed, and who, it was reported, loved him tenderly, had been compelled to banish him to a little domain which he possessed in our village.

Here he lived, apart from his family, in a small, but very pretty house, which his father had fitted up with great taste and neatness; and the steward, who had before occupied the dwelling, then took a lodging in the village.

The young man amused himself in his retreat with the culture and proper arrangement of his garden, which was large and well laid out—with his books, his musical instruments, and his pencil.

My uncle, who sometimes passed the garden where the fence was an open one, beheld the various plants and flowers which the *Reprobate* was very successful

in rearing, and on that account would readily have formed an acquaintance with him, but for the atrocity of his character.

"No," said my uncle, "Heaven preserve me from such a wretch! His flowers are uncommonly fine, it is true—no one can find room for censure in them: he has an auricular, the *Lady Belton*, which is very large, my dear brother, with a white eye, and has not the smallest trace of the pin. Christian, I would give one of my fingers for that flower, and my beautiful King Herod into the bargain! but Heaven forbid I should receive any thing from him, a vile parricide!"

My father would have even thought his eyes polluted by casting them over the paling of young Valdenburg!

The

The *Reprobate* lived peaceably enough in our village:—"But the reason of that is," said the steward, who was a little angry at having been compelled to remove, "the reason is, that he dares not do otherwise; for his father has sworn that the first act of villany he commits from this time, shall be followed by his imprisonment for life: but if you could but hear his execrations and blasphemies!"

Every one trembled in the presence of this abandoned profligate, and every one avoided him if possible: he generally passed half the day in a thick grove of fir and beech, which communicated with his garden, and the steward, in relating this circumstance, observed that he skulked there like a robber in a cavern; and that no person would dare to venture into it, even if he had not surrounded it with an immense hedge.

The

The Reprobate was likewise distinguished by a profusion of curling auburn hair, very much inclined to red, a colour which in our country is detested, because Cain is always painted with red hair; and it is concluded that every one thus marked by Nature, possesses the disposition of the first fratricide. This vile red hair, as it was always called, sometimes hung half over the thoughtful visage of Valdenburg, who was very careless of his appearance, and redoubled the previous horror of every villager who had the misfortune to encounter him.

I had never seen the Reprobate, but I very much feared him, because the whole neighbourhood did so; and there is not any emotion of the mind so contagious as terror.

It was I believe a little more than a month after the departure of Suzette, that I wandered accidentally into a small

birch copse adjoining the favourite haunt of young Valdenburg, in search of birds' nests; and in my eagerness in pursuit of them, entirely forgot so alarming a vicinity. In this spot I was accosted by a man with red hair; who did not, however, inspire me with any anxiety or dislike, because I had sometimes met him when I had been walking with Suzette, who always curtsied to him with an air rather of friendship than of casual acquaintance.

He had even spoken to her one evening, but I could not understand the purport of what he said; and Suzette made a laconic, but civil reply, without stopping. I had then remarked the curling red hair so much talked of in young Valdenburg; but how was it possible for me to suspect that the person whom Suzette saluted with marks of esteem and consideration, should be the abhorred and dreaded *Reprobate?*

The

The young man I now met in the copse having regarded me some time in thoughtful silence, asked me several questions relating to my nests, in a voice so gentle and affectionate, that it was impossible to connect the idea of wickedness or vice with the sentiment he inspired. He remained with me some time, patiently attending me in my childish employment, and amusing me with many little interesting anecdotes in the natural history of birds, their various species, and the different propensities of each; all of which I was yet ignorant of, having disregarded every thing concerning them but their nests.

I shewed my new companion all those I had remarked in the bushes and trees round us; and taking from his pocket several kinds of grain, he scattered it on the ground, and made me set down with him at a little distance from the spot. In a few moments, to my great amusement

and delight, I beheld the little feathered parents stealing away the seed, and carrying it to their young.

When this had been repeated several times for my gratification, the young man still captivated my attention by relating the prettiest stories in the world; and, in my turn, in the fulness of my glee at the unexpected happiness his complacency and varied information had imparted to my mind, I told him all I could recollect of my home, my parents, my uncle, and his flowers; and I even mentioned Suzette; but having thoughtlessly pronounced her name, I suddenly stopped, because I immediately remembered that I had been forbidden to speak of the late events, of which I had unavoidably obtained some knowledge.

My companion could not but remark my embarrassment; yet without appearing to observe it, he proceeded

to inform me that he was the bailiff of the Baron de Valdenburg, an assertion his dress did not disprove; and at length, after a few previous questions, he asked me whither Suzette had gone.

I could not reply to this enquiry; and as I did not chuse to reveal what I really did know concerning my beloved cousin, I evaded a direct answer.

When I was obliged to quit my new friend, he filled my pockets with seed for my birds; and telling me he often visited the copse, indicated the hour in which I should generally find him there, and we parted.

I returned home quite delighted, and spoke of the bailiff of the old Baron in the highest terms of childish commendation; but, as he was not likely to contribute to my father's journal, or my

uncle's greenhouse, very little attention was given to my account of him.

The next morning, when I returned to the copse, I found the young man already there; and, after a greeting of mutual good-will, I was again amused with narratives and anecdotes adapted to my age: these again were succeeded by a conversation which at length reverted, I know not by what means, to Suzette; and whilst I spoke of her with the affection that prompted my loquacity, whilst I impressively described to my new friend her sweetness of disposition, and the beauty I had heard every one mention with applause, he embraced me tenderly, and I perceived his eyes fill with tears.

In bidding me adieu, he gave me to understand that I should find him in the same spot on the following day; and when I again met him, he proposed that I should accompany him to a place where I might

I might obtain more nests than I had yet discovered. To this I eagerly assented; and he conducted me to the favourite haunt of the reprobate Valdenburg; but I was terrified, and refused to enter the grove, until he encouraged me with an assurance that I should not behold in it any one but himself. I then followed to the dark umbrage of this recess, enlivened however by the sweet note of the nightingale, the song of the thrush, and of a variety of other birds, who hopped round us without fear or distrust, and appeared to think this dreaded bower the temple of amity and confidence.

It seemed to me very astonishing that such a monster as him who frequented it, had not frightened away every bird from the place; and I communicated this idea to my conductor, for whom I already experienced a strong partiality.

"My young friend," returned he, with a pensive smile, "Valdenburg is not the wretch people imagine him: he is detested by his fellow-men, but these innocent and grateful creatures do not avoid him, because he loves them, and is their benefactor."

He then led me forward, and we placed ourselves on a seat near a little rustic pavilion, neatly finished, and situated picturesquely amidst a clump of large beech trees. At our approach, two pigeons flew down from the roof of the building, and perched upon the shoulder of my companion.

At this familiar salutation, I now began to feel alarm; and, for the first time, suspected that the master of the premises and of the pigeons, the *Reprobate* himself, was sitting beside me.

He

He discerned my terror, and, with the most soothing expressions of friendship and regard, confessed that he was indeed young Valdenburg: but this acknowledgment was uttered in a voice so gentle, with a countenance and manner so calculated to inspire confidence, that my apprehensions imperceptibly decreased, and at length wholly vanished.

We then entered the little building, where he took from the books it contained, a volume of *Buffon*, adorned with very well executed prints of the animals it described, which I regarded with extreme admiration: to vary my amusements, I afterwards entered his dove-house, and having examined his young pigeons, of every various kind, esteemed amongst the admirers of this pretty bird, Valdenburg presented to me those I most approved, and at my request still retained the care of them.

In short, the *Reprobate* entertained me so agreeably, that evening overtook me ere I was sensible that it was past noon: when I was leaving him, he shook my hand affectionately, and said—

"Charles, if your parents discover with whom you have passed the last three or four hours, you will not be again suffered to come near me; and I have still a number of pretty things in this little place which will very much amuse you."

He then opened a large book filled with coloured prints, and in my eagerness to examine them on a future visit, I readily promised that I would not tell any one where I had been, and that I would return to the copse the next day. Valdenburg thanked me with an air of gratitude and pleasure, and then conducted me, by an unfrequented path, to the outside of his little domain, from whence I could regain the village road without exciting

exciting any suspicion of having been on the premises of the *Reprobate.*

I was particularly careful to preserve the secrecy I had promised; for the fine pictures, the birds, the amusing recitals, and pigeons of my new friend, were too pleasing to be given up by an indiscretion I was always careful most rigidly to guard against; and at every repeated visit, notwithstanding the habitual terror which the character and the red hair of Valdenburg had originally inspired, this strange young man contrived to increase my attachment to him. In a few weeks I should have been terribly mortified and distressed, if I had been prevented from devoting to him all my leisure hours, which in truth was almost three fourths of the day.

But an obstacle we could not foresee now appeared to be arising to prevent the frequency of our interviews; for my

father very properly judged that the education required for a future schoolmaster should not be wholly confined to laborious researches after birds' nests; and the Minister of the parish was at length engaged to give me instructions in Latin, every day for an hour or two.

The good man acquitted himself of this task with the greatest attention to his own ease, and usually contented himself with giving me a certain number of words to learn by heart, which I always dispatched as fast as possible, that I might hasten to my friend: I very often indeed, under pretence of learning better in the garden than in the house, took my book with me and flew to the grove, that I might be near him, even though I could not, with my vile lesson to con over, then converse with him.

Valdenburg smiled at my extreme application, and perceiving how useless to me

me in future would be such efforts, offered to instruct me himself.

As I loved my new master, my affection and gratitude assisted me to overcome every difficulty: with him I insensibly became acquainted with the Latin grammar, and with him I read every esteemed author both in that and my native tongue.

The good pastor was equally astonished at my wonderful progress, and at his own excellence in bestowing such efficacious instruction, which until this period, he had never so well ascertained; and he held his head very high on this discovery of his own talents.

The largest portion of those hours I now passed with Valdenburg was devoted to my improvement.—Oh my friend, my instructor! when shall we again meet? Your superior genius, like the sun, dispersed

persed the clouds of ignorance and error—like that bright luminary, you warmed the heart you enlightened! What I learned of thee, Valdenburg, was not a mere useless burden of pedantic knowledge, but every lesson I received bore also the stamp of virtue and of benevolence to our fellow-beings! To these lessons how much is your pupil indebted! But how much more have I not since learned to feel, when I recall your moistened eye, your agitated voice, the colour that momentarily animated your pale cheek—when you described to me the errors and the sufferings of man, when you depicted integrity languishing under the stigma of the unjust, and raised my trembling hopes with yours, to the prospect of a happier future! Ah! why did I not then conceive that it was of yourself you would have spoken? Yet my tears still fell; though I knew not that I pressed to my heart the most unfortunate and the most noble of human beings.

beings. Beloved, unhappy friend! contemned, traduced by man, yet wert thou ever solicitous to repay injustice with benefits!

Valdenburg, in renouncing every expectation of happiness, was still anxious to promote that of others; and far from experiencing any emotion of envy at those enjoyments he could not from early and accumulated misfortune, taste himself, he was eager to offer the cup of content to those who would deign to receive it from hands so abhorred, and seek his reward alone in the world to come, where virtue and benevolence can no longer be mistaken or obscured!

In a few years, with so able and indefatigable a tutor, I had made a very considerable progress, which at the time I was perfectly unconscious of; because, in comparing myself with my instructor, I thought my knowledge extremely bounded:

bounded: I understood the Latin tongue perfectly, was a tolerable proficient in the Greek, and had read, more than once, the excellent and extensive collection that composed the library of my friend, who rendered the beauties and defects of every author, his style and meaning, familiar to me.

My father and my uncle discovered at length to whom I was indebted for all I knew; but they thought proper, after some hesitation, to wink at the intercourse by which I had acquired the most desirable information, without imbibing any vicious propensity.

I frequently endeavoured, with the utmost eagerness, to impress my parents with a better opinion of Valdenburg; but my efforts were only answered by incredulous motions of the head, or ejaculations that equally evinced the same want of faith. My father, who had attentively

tively considered the subject, foresaw that if he had commanded me to break with my friend, I might perhaps have found my obedience to his injunction overruled by the strong attachment that led me to him; and this indeed I almost avowed when my father first betrayed his knowledge of my stolen visits: and I afterwards protested so firmly against such a sacrifice, and immediately deprecated it with such passionate supplication, that he ceased to require it.

From this time I openly visited my *friend*—a name I alone of the whole world bestowed upon this young man: I was well acquainted with his worth—I loved him as a brother—I respected him as a father; my heart was open to his inspection, and to endeavour to conceal any sentiment from him would almost have appeared a crime.

He

He did not however, in return, bestow an equal confidence on me: I knew his real character, but I was ignorant of the events of his life. The reputation the world had given him, my former terrors at his name, his rumoured adventures, all appeared to me like dreams long gone by; yet when recollection, with silent, yet busy pencil, suddenly traced all this in half-formed tints, upon my mind, I felt a secret indignation awaken within me at the calumnies my soul denied; yet did I not dare to rouse the sorrows of Valdenburg by asking any information on a subject so tender.

In his saddest moments, as in those more gay, he ever spoke to me of Suzette. I had long since related all I knew of her destiny; yet he was never weary of making me repeat every sentence from her lips which I could recollect, and every action the interest she had

had always inspired me, had made me retain. I had often described her kneeling before the journal of my father, and repeated the substance of her last adieu. Valdenburg listened in silence, his eyes cast up to heaven, overflowed with tears; and still the recital was ever renewed.

I was by this time sensible that he was connected with the misadventure of Suzette; yet I dreaded to have my surmises wholly confirmed: once only I ventured to ask him why he had sought an acquaintance with one so young and uninformed as myself. He regarded me with the air of melancholy he sometimes wore, and replied—

"It was because Suzette loved you—because you resemble her—and because I was extremely anxious——"

He did not conclude the sentence, which was to intimate that he ardently wished

wished to learn the fate of my hapless cousin.

I never hinted to my family the purport of these conversations, because I knew that my uncle had earnestly endeavoured to discover the seducer of his child; and I was resolved that the secret of Valdenburg should be equally respected by me as were his sorrows.

The blessings, and not the curses of *my* parents, should hover over thy tomb, Oh friend beloved! — Perhaps he no longer exists; and were I even assured of this, not a human being should behold these leaves, could he not be capable of experiencing for Valenburg the tenderest compassion!

A Mother's

A Mother's Adieu.

IT having been at length resolved by my father that I should finish my studies at the University, my uncle urged the necessary preparations with the most joyful eagerness.

My trunks and all the books I possessed, had been already sent thither; and when the horse was brought to the door, which was to carry me to the neighbouring town, where I was to proceed in a public

public conveyance, my father briefly repeated a lecture he had before given me on the subject of my future conduct.

"Go, my son," said he, after giving me his blessing, accompanied with a tear, "go, and endeavour to become an honest man. If you should find yourself involved in any dispute, yield up the point contended for, even if you feel yourself to be right; let the knowledge that you are so, be a sufficient compensation; but if you find you are wrong, let such a consciousness immediately be followed by acknowledgment. Men are never more rigid, unyielding, and unpitying, than when they fancy themselves supported by reason and justice, against the opponent who has insolently ventured to enter the lists against them. But, my son, the man who may generally find himself on the victorious side of an argument or contention, is not always famed for the benevolence of his temper:

temper: his own triumph, and the defeat of his adversary, lead to fresh contests; and, like the warriors of which we read, he is never happy but in renewing the combat, to enlarge his renown.

"Wound not the heart or the feelings of any human being; it is easily done, but the mischief is not easily repaired. To wound the contented heart and interrupt the happiness so rarely to be found on earth, is little less than sacrilege. To wound a heart already visited by misfortune, which should obtain only pity and consolation, is the act of a fiend!

"Remember, my son, that I shall expect you to continue my journal; and I trust you will never be compelled to record of yourself a base or dishonourable action!"

"Not one, I hope!" said my uncle, addressing me in his turn. "Be just, my

my dear Charles, before God, and towards man; and, above all, respect yourself. Never submit to an insult from any one, let his rank be what it may. Farewell, my good boy! If you should meet with any fine auriculas at Leipsic, remember your uncle!"

I now turned to my mother, whose maternal heart throbbed as she gave me her parting injunction—it was this:—

"Take care of your health, my Charles, and be happy! Follow the good advice of your father and your uncle, and think that your mother constantly petitions Heaven for your continued life and prosperity!"

"Amen!" was repeated by all three.

My father and my uncle, in their exhortations, had each reverted to his favourite virtue and propensity: a miser would equally have said—"Take care of your

your money!"—a philosopher would have recommended a total disregard of the common and puerile incidents of life; and a lover would have descanted on tenderness and constancy: my mother merely reminded me of her tender affection; and she did not recommend any particular virtue to my cultivation, because she cherished and practised them all in an equal degree. She enjoined me to be happy, because she knew no happiness herself, incompatible with her duty and her religion: she required nothing of me—not even a return of affection: in my happiness was centered every wish of her heart.

What human being is there so unfeeling and insensible, as to quit those who have fostered his helpless years, tear himself from their embrace, behold their tears and hear their prayers for his future happiness, without partaking their emotion and their regrets! For my part, how-

ever my parents or my uncle might express their affection, I felt at the moment of separation only their unfeigned solicitude for my welfare: I yet feel their parting embrace, and the anxious pressure of their hands.

As I pursued my way, with that contraction of the heart which such a scene must occasion, I recollected with the most lively emotion, that I had still to bid adieu to my friend Valdenburg.

The second Farewell.

ON the same evening I privately left the town, having sent back my horse, and returned after nightfall to our village: rather alarmed at the light a rising moon threw over the landscape, lest I should be recognised, I hastened towards the habitation of my friend; yet when I found myself near the beloved home I had quitted, my apprehensions disappeared, and gave place to an emotion of tenderness when I beheld a light at the window of our usual sitting-room.

"At this moment perhaps," thought I, "my father is writing our adieus in his journal, and placing a benediction after the name of his son! Best of fathers, and of men, thou art not conscious that this son is near thee, beseeching Heaven to reward thy piety and benevolence!"

When I entered the well-known grove, I beheld a light in the little pavilion, and found my friend sitting near a window, earnestly employed in drawing.

I was surprised that he should have chosen such a moment for an occupation which any other would have answered as well; and though I had never found myself better disposed to love and regret him, yet I felt embarrassed, and in some degree displeased. It was at his request that I had resolved, after having parted with my family, to devote a few hours to him, near the spot where we had first met;

met; and his urgent invitation had prepared me for a very different reception.

"Good evening!" said Valdenburg, extending towards me his left hand over the table at which he was seated; and he continued his employment without looking up.

I was much disconcerted at the calm manner in which he spoke; and after a vain endeavour to recover the serenity of my temper, I walked to the entrance of the building—for Valdenburg still plied his pencil indefatigably—and made an effort to amuse myself by contemplating the scenery around me; but my attention refused to affix itself to objects which at that moment could not interest me; and returning to Valdenburg, I asked, in a tone of restraint, what he was drawing.

"The figure of Memnon," he replied.

It was indeed the exact resemblance of the statue of Memnon, as described in the life of Apollonius, which lay open before him.

The figure represented a young man of black marble, in a sitting attitude, whose feet, not separated in the block by the sculptor, were those of an infant: it rested on the seat by its hands, and appeared to be endeavouring to raise itself to meet the sun, just rising on the horizon.

"This figure is far from being graceful or pleasing," said I.

"And yet," replied Valdenburg, with a smile, "it is intended as a remembrance from me to you."

I now regarded it with more attention; but

but was obliged to confess that I did not comprehend the meaning of the singularity in the form and attitude.

"The same thing happened to Apollonius and his society," replied he, shewing me a passage in the book.

I read it; and he resumed his drawing with less composure.

"This Memnon," said he, as he was giving it the last touches, "is, my dear Charles, the most striking symbol of humanity that could be depicted! Regard this heavy, sad image of painful immobility—affixed to the earth by its infantine feet! Feeble mortals that we are, children of doubt and obscurity! are we not equally attached to this earth by our passions?—are we not surrounded by the impenetrable darkness of the grave, dragged downwards by the weight of our iniquities—hard and insensible as this

marble, until the rays of immortality beam upon the soul, and reanimate the heart, as the first sunbeams here reflect their light on the eye of Memnon? But this is not what I wished to say to you, Charles; nor, like this figure, need you endeavour to disengage yourself from that earth to which so many tender bonds attach you. Your course is yet but beginning, and your prospects happy: but let this figure recall to your mind an unfortunate being, who, weary of this world, aspires only to another!"

Tears fell upon his cheek, and he sought not to conceal them. In speaking of himself, I had never before beheld him thus affected: but his emotion lasted only a few seconds; and having finished the figure, he wrote under it *Memnho*, a Greek word signifying *remember;* in double allusion to the name of the figure, and to the purpose for which he had designed

designed it: he then presented it to me, and said—

"You are now entering the world, my young friend, and will be compelled to live amidst men whose real characters you will find it difficult, sometimes impossible, to develop: you will then perhaps recollect what I have so often repeated—that the wicked are not so bad as they may appear, nor the virtuous so good as they ought to be. The best of men love virtue more than they practise it: you will encounter in your path good and evil beings, and perhaps they will equally combine to give you pain. Do not on this account contemn virtue, nor, because you may receive benefits from the vicious, do not be influenced to countenance vice. When you discern men to be less virtuous than you had imagined them, do not suffer your contempt or wrath to follow the discovery; but recollect that even the great Eternal

despises not the frail beings he creates, since he is never weary of dispensing his beneficence and forgiveness. Should your passions hereafter conquer your better resolutions, they will mislead you more fatally than the most inveterate foe: these bosom traitors will sometimes procure you a few moments of fleeting pleasure, but they will be followed by lasting pain. In vain would I assert that their exists not in this world real joy or real sorrow—I have experienced them both! but I entreat you never to forget, in the triumphant moment of success, or in the bitter one of suffering, that both are transient as the gust that scatters the falling leaf: remember too, my friend, that the only place of lasting repose is the earth on which we tread, the grave that awaits us! I wish to impress you with the idea that those sentiments and resolutions which are often admired as noble and elevated, are too often the result of pride; and the source of the most brilliant

brilliant exploits, is vanity: do not suffer your judgment to be dazzled by either; but when you enquire into the existence of virtue, seek it in actions of utility and self-denial, which shun renown, and shrink from the ostentatious plaudits of the multitude. Yes, my dear Charles, you will find that virtue is not the shadow she is thought—she *does* exist! There are gems which, notwithstanding their diminutive size, are more precious than a domain; and we sometimes discover thoughts, sentiments, and actions, concealed from the public eye, and never reaching the public ear, of more value than a whole life dedicated to what is called glory. Ever remember that the greatest misfortune you can know, is the consciousness of deserving those that may befal you, as the greatest happiness we can experience, is to merit it.—I have felt the extremes of both."

He paused; and I entreated him to continue his observations; for I discerned that this last idea weighed heavily on his heart: but he replied, with a smile—"I believe experience will be your better guide."

Valdenburg now arose, and going into another division of the pavilion, which he called his study, returned with two packets of papers; one of which he presented to me.

"Read this," said he; "it is the history of my life.—You regard me with friendship, and it is therefore necessary that you should not believe me capable of the enormities imputed to me. When you have read it, seal it up—there is my seal."

He put the packet into my hands, and retired again to his study.

I read

I read the sad story with an emotion I shall never forget, and bathed it with my tears: it was of considerable length, and the morning almost dawned before I reached the conclusion. Having then sealed the manuscript with a trembling hand, I entered the retreat of my friend, and threw myself into his arms.

"Noble, ill-fated Valdenburg!" I exclaimed.

Without replying, he put into my hand the other paper.

"For Suzette," said he, "if the place of her retreat should be discovered; if not, it is thine—but do not hastily open it! Adieu, my dear Charles! reward my affection and my cares by continuing the amiable being you are

He

He then presented me a valuable ring, pressed me to his heart, and having accompanied me to the extremity of the copse, bade me a last farewell.

After we had parted, I hurried through the village, in which the labours of the morning were almost beginning; and having left it considerably behind me, slackened my pace, to meditate more at my leisure on the extraordinary narrative of Valdenburg: my tears again fell as I recalled his wrongs; but at length the morning air, wafting its balmy gales across my moistened cheek, and the cheering rays of the rising sun, revived my agitated spirits.

I carried my ideas and reflections forward to the future, and in the assurance that I could never become abandoned to vice, indulged a momentary certainty that I could not therefore be unhappy: but

but the instantaneous recollection of the story I had been perusing, opposed itself to a conclusion so illusive.

" Still," repeated I, in the words of Valdenburg, " there is a sure haven in the tomb, and beyond it the bright prospect of eternal happiness."

In three days I reached Leipsic; but my heart was still in the midst of my family, and in the beech grove with my dear unhappy preceptor.

Memnon,

Memnon, or the rejected Son.

WHY do I tremble in preparing to relate the history of Valdenburg? Is it because the evils he suffered were unjust and unmerited? Equally so perhaps are those of multitudes who expire amidst groans and carnage in the field of battle; and equally unmerited the sufferings of others who linger under the tyranny of some legal despot, till life and reason become an insupportable burden!

It

It is, alas, the ordination of Providence that the most dreadful tempests and horrible storms that blight the peace of mankind, should proceed from the breath of man! But why do I seek to dissipate my agitation by preparatory dissertation or argument—vain is the endeavour; for I cannot coolly, or without shuddering, reflect on the destiny of Valdenburg!

The ancients asserted that an irrevocable fate, an iron necessity, governed with irresistible force, both Gods and men. This doctrine is not by any means consolatory—it is indeed stopping the mouth of the unfortunate, when his miseries urge him to complain!—Unhappy Valdenburg!

His luckless lot first announced itself at his birth, in the colour of his hair; and his mother, who already possessed three sons beautiful as cherubs, regarded this

this fourth with consternation and dismay.

" His hair will become darker," said she; " it will soon lose this hateful shade of red!"

Instead of which, however, this tint, so abhorred, was every day more confirmed: his countenance was far from being unpleasing; but it appeared plain, and of a common stamp, compared with the lovely features of his brothers: in a few years he felt all the distinction created between them and him, and his temper became gloomy and unsocial, as if he had already foreseen the evils that awaited him.

His brothers, on the contrary, were lively, joyous, and insinuating; always playing round their parents and caressing them; whilst the red-haired urchin, so his mother chose to call him, was always repulsed

repulsed and driven back to the nursery, whence he beheld, with an indignant and envious eye, the affection lavished on his favoured brothers, and became each day more sullen and reserved.

If his mother found the opportunity she sought of reproving him for any little fault or misdemeanour, she always availed herself of the occasion, to lament the shocking colour of his hair; and generally concluded by exclaiming against his ugliness, and the vileness of his temper and disposition.

The child shrunk in dismay from these reproaches, and appeared to wish to hide himself from every eye. All his ideas and inclinations were carefully confined to his own breast; and at the moment when he most wished for recreation, he seemed to those around him more involved in abstraction and gloom, because he

he was compelled to seek his amusement in his own reflections: he was apparently insensible to the opinion formed of him, because the hope of pleasing or inspiring affection was extinct in his almost infant bosom. In his little altercations with his brothers, blame and reproof were ever his portion—pity and consolation theirs: and this reiterated injustice soured his temper, rendered him obstinate and resolute, and led him to take refuge in that solitude he ever after retained a taste for.

The preceptor of these four children was a man of learning, but he possessed not a good heart: he soon discerned the fond partiality of the parents for the three elder, and he assiduously paid his court by sounding their praises, and comparing them with their hapless brother, who never failed to suffer by the insidious parallel.

Memnon

Memnon (thus in future I will distinguish this injured child) was fully sensible of the barbarity of this proceeding: he was much better informed than his favoured rivals, because he had resorted to his books from mere *ennui*, and continued his studies, as some variation from the persecutions he endured: but these persecutions inspired him with a decided aversion for his tutor, who soon perceived and avenged it by additional mortifications and heightened contempt; and this mutual dislike still increasing, was perpetually manifested on one side by unfeeling reproaches and ill-directed sarcasms, and on the other by insolent epigrammatic replies.

To his brothers, Memnon never addressed himself but with the most acrimonious indignation; and his unjust parents he never either regarded or spoke to: already, when he was only ten years of age, his father, his mother, his tutor,

and even the domestics of the household, had bestowed upon him the appellation of the *Reprobate;* and thus stigmatized, neglected, repulsed, and abhorred by every one, the unfortunate boy was every moment insulted by the prejudices which his red locks had originally inspired, and the effects of his wounded sensibility had confirmed.

"Beware of him whom God has marked!" exclaimed the servants.

"What will become of this unhappy wretch!" said the father.

"Nothing good, we may be assured," replied the mother, fondly caressing one of the favoured sons.

The tutor raised his eyes and shrugged his shoulders with a mien expressive of extreme horror: and thus did every one combine to render the heart of Memnon the receptacle of every malignant passion: and yet, notwithstanding the hourly aggra-

aggravations his temper received, the hatred which prompts to acts of injury or secret revenge could never preserve a place in his bosom; which was wholly possessed by the haughty idea of humiliating the pride of his parents, his brothers, and his tutor, and retorting, in some degree, the contempt he experienced himself. In consequence of this resolution, when the preceptor deigned to bestow upon him the instruction he could not decently withhold, Memnon affected to direct his attention another way, or gave an answer wholly unconnected with the questions proposed to him; but in secret he conned over his lessons with the utmost care, and read with eagerness every book he could procure.

His unwearied assiduity was at length rewarded with a prospect of success; his activity and zeal conquered every difficulty, and he had the unseen transport

port of leaving his brothers far behind him in the path of knowledge, which, alone and unassisted, he chose to tread. Still, however, the appellation of a sullen and worthless idiot was very liberally applied to him; but he heard it with perfect indifference, and enjoyed in silence the only advantage he possessed over the beloved children of his parents; which was not yet sufficiently perfect however for his ambition.

At this period he was snatched from a situation apparently insupportable, by his maternal grandmother, a woman of good sense and of an amiable temper, who, in a visit of some length at the habitation of Baron Valdenburg, regarded the sufferings of Memnon and the indignities he hourly received, with compassion. She discerned the capricious partiality of his parents with extreme regret; but easily obtained, in consequence

sequence of it, that Memnon should henceforth be her guest.'

When she had taken him to her own house, she endeavoured, by gentleness and affection, to soften his manners and remove the obdurate case of misanthropy with which his youthful heart was enclosed; and of this heart, lacerated from infancy and contracted by ill usage, the worthy woman preserved the noblest part —the love of virtue!

She laboured to rekindle in his bosom the feelings and affections so natural to his age; but his regards were still gloomy, and his silence unconquerable, and vainly did she watch for any outward trace of the success she so earnestly solicited: for, though he loved her inexpressibly, as the only being who had ever exhibited kindness or interest for him, not a look or smile of affection could be discerned in his thoughtful countenance, nor did the

by the bequest that had distinguished him so generously. Except in this one instance, the dispositions of the household were exactly the same: but Memnon, whose mind was imbittered by his recent loss, and the contrast he could not avoid remarking with the most indignant chagrin, was no longer disposed to submit quietly as he had been wont to do, to the injurious treatment he experienced on every side: to his parents indeed his deceased benefactress had made him sensible he ought to submit, however painful the task; but as he did not owe the same deference to his brothers, he soon convinced them that their conduct was extremely displeasing to him.

During his late estrangement, he had added to his acquirements, by assiduously cultivating the fine arts, for which he possessed a strong inclination; and as he had still eagerly pursued his secret studies, he no longer felt any apprehension that

that his brothers could attain the height at which he exulted to find himself; and he therefore sought not to conceal any further his superiority in every species of knowledge.

This sudden blaze of genius impelled involuntary respect, but it did not conciliate affection; because it mortified every one who had pronounced him a perfect idiot; and in this class were not only the whole household of his father, but every visitor at the mansion.

On this occasion, his elder brothers were sent to an academy, to avoid impertinent comparisons; and Memnon remained at home.

In three short months, however, the Baron de Valdenburg received the dreadful intelligence that two of his sons were drowned in bathing; and the confusion

and desolation of the family at this terrible accident were inconceivable.

Madame de Valdenburg had her remaining treasure immediately conveyed to her arms, and would no longer entrust him out of her sight; but her anguish was soon renewed more bitterly, when it was found that the third son had taken the small-pox, of which in a few days he died.

These unhappy events following each other so closely, struck the soul of the Baroness most sensibly, and recalled to her recollection what her mother had written to her some time before.

" Be careful, my daughter," said the good woman, " lest you be compelled hereafter to regard any misfortunes that may happen to your darling sons, as the chastisement of Heaven for your injustice to the youngest!"

This

This prediction was too exactly verified, not to wound the conscious heart of the infatuated mother with the indescribable agony resulting from the fear of having been herself their destiny and bane: but her detestation of Memnon proportionably increased, because she considered him to be the cause of her irremediable sorrows.

For some time she refused to see him, and actually lamented that he should exist, whilst the children she loved were snatched from her: a plaint she had the barbarity to repeat in the hearing of her injured son, when at length he was admitted to her presence.

Memnon, almost petrified with resentment and horror, turned pale, and was quitting the room; but his father followed him, took his hand, and leading him back to his unnatural mother, very

inconsiderately exclaimed—" We must endeavour to love him—for who can oppose the will of Heaven?"

The Baron then, to give the example to his wife, embraced their son, who neither spoke nor made any return to this forced tenderness.

" Insensible being!" cried the Baron, in mingled disappointment and anger.

Memnon replied, in a steady tone—" You have still a son; but that son never knew a parent!"

The indignation of the Baron was heightened by this reproach, which he believed to be dictated by vindictive pride, when, in truth, it was the offspring of sensibility; and he drove Memnon from his presence.

The

The hearts of the parents and their child became, from this time, still more estranged from each other: and the Baroness died at length of grief for the loss she had sustained, without once reflecting that she might yet repair her culpable conduct, and obtain consolation from the effort.

When the father of Memnon found that of all his family this detested and rejected son alone remained to him, he would fain have repaired his injustice, and compensate for his former neglect.

Memnon was now his heir; and he gave him therefore a train of servants, compelled him to dress expensively, and furnished him with more money than he wished for.

Memnon was now to be sent to the University, with a considerable appoint-

 ment;

ment; and every thing which money could procure was lavished upon him with a profusion irksome to the young man, whose most ardent wish was to become an object of interest and affection to one single human being; and this was precisely the gratification he could not obtain.

When he appeared for the first time amidst other youths of his own age, as he was soon known to be well supplied with money, notwithstanding his cold and abstracted air, they pressed assiduously round him with adulation and reiterated offers of service and friendship: but Memnon had had full leisure to study the motives, the sentiments, and the actions of men, and he was not the dupe of their hypocrisy, though he was sensibly affected by the pleasure, so new to him, of being distinguished and sought after.

He

He was liberal, because he did not estimate money—he was defrauded, and disregarded it—he was at the expence of furnishing others with amusements which he could not partake, and for this he obtained the appellation of a fool.

But the astonishment of his companions was one day uncommonly excited, when they beheld him suddenly drop his cold and unconcerned mien, to oppose their ill treatment of a man who had not deserved it. On this occasion, Memnon declared, with an air of firm decision, that he would not suffer them to be guilty of the injustice, which not to oppose would be to share; and advancing his opinion alone and unsupported against a band of frantic young men, proclaimed himself the champion of the aggrieved, and reproached them for the absurdity and cruelty of their conduct. A challenge ensued, which Memnon accepted; and he acquitted himself throughout the

whole affair with equal courage and coolness.

From this moment he was enabled to appreciate properly the rodomontades of every noisy pretender to courage; and the effect of his firmness and resolution appeared to him interesting, because it procured him the perpetual employment of arbitrating disputes, and established him a sort of umpire in every tumultuous controversy that arose: in short, there was not a single broil, contest, or quarrel, in which the name of Valdenburg did not appear very conspicuously.

One of his favourite opinions was, that the particular associations amongst the students, called by them the different *Orders*, ought to be abolished; as they created distinctions mortifying to some, and injurious to others. His plan to enforce this opinion did not succeed; but it had been sufficiently well arranged to

appear formidable to those who opposed it.

Memnon did not often assist at the public exercises, because he had long fixed upon his own peculiar mode of study, and that he was quite as well informed as most of the Professors.

In fine, Valdenburg was discovered to be involved in every unlucky scrape of which cognizance was taken; and as he did not trouble himself with making any strenuous justification, he acquired a reputation not much inferior to that which had been affixed to him at home: so that he was at length withdrawn from the University, at the particular request of the Professors, as a dangerous promoter of tumult and disorder.

"Your conduct has not disappointed me," said his father, when they first met; "for

"for in truth I expected nothing pleasing or consolatory from you!"

Memnon did not remain long in the paternal mansion: he was sent, like other young men of his rank, to travel for a year or two—that is, he was to be conducted by a governor from one German Court to another, where he was to remain just long enough to produce certain assurances of his title to distinction, be presented, and take leave; but as he fancied he could employ his time more pleasantly, as well as more advantageously, he quitted his governor, and pursued his route alone.

From Rome he wrote to his father, respectfully mentioning his intention, and entreating a supply of money; for the wary governor had not thought proper to entrust him with the letters of credit.

The

The Baron, in reply, sent him a sum which he thought merely sufficient to carry him home, intimating that as his plan was so extremely humble, he might with that money certainly execute it: which Memnon actually did, to the infinite astonishment of his magnificent father.

He divided his time between Italy, Switzerland, and France; and returned without having shewn himself at a single Court, and quite as taciturn as when he had begun his tour.

"Heaven regard my sufferings with an eye of pity!" exclaimed the Baron—"here he is—the same red-haired, obstinate reprobate as ever!"

And indeed his appeal was natural enough; for Memnon arrived at the house of his father on foot, unincumbered

bered with baggage, and solicitous only of the preservation of a large port-folio, filled with drawings and remarks on classical authors, with a number of ingenious illustrations, which he had written in Italy.

Valdenburg was, however, presented at Court by the Baron, who had now obtained a considerable post from the favour of his Sovereign; and the singularities of the young man exciting curiosity and attention, it was at length discovered that his acquirements were really wonderful; and the Baron was congratulated on possessing a son of such extensive genius: but he shook his head in reply to these felicitations, and secretly exclaimed with a sigh—"That unlucky red hair!"

A prophetic apostrophe, which the event justified.

In

In less than a year Memnon was as much detested by his new associates as he had ever been at any former period, because he could not resist his inclination to oppose every species of oppression, and uttered very calmly his required opinion, without any attention but to the dictates of truth: he was very soon, therefore, favoured with an intimation that he might take his leave; and he received the hint with much pleasure.

"This eternal reprobate will drive me to distraction!" exclaimed the father, shutting himself up in his *boudoir*.

"Of what crime am I guilty?" asked Memnon, when he was informed that the Baron refused to see him: but the enquiry was not immediately replied to; and he returned to his former studious habits, unbending his mind occasionally with long solitary rambles and the culture of flowers.

Yet

Yet still he continued the object of universal detestation, and received perpetual proofs of the alienation and severity of his mortified father.

The Lover.

SHORTLY after this last disgrace of Memnon, a relation of the Baron of Valdenburg offered to receive his red-haired cousin at his own house, and endeavour to humanize him. This man, who was the *Chambellan de Fieffenthal*, was a very insinuating, supple, and complaisant courtier, whose society Memnon would not have endured at any former period; but

but the general obloquy and abhorrence that pursued him, had, in some slight degree, tamed and subdued his spirit, and he resolved to yield to the wishes of his father, and submit to the proposed plan.

The family of the Chamberlain, consisting of three daughters and a niece who was a dependant, expected the arrival of young Valdenburg with impatient curiosity, imagining they should behold a strange, rude, fantastic being, with manners and sentiments little removed from those of a perfect savage; and their surprise was proportionably great, when a young man was introduced to them, whose pleasing physiognomy announced the elevation and superiority of his genius, whilst his blue eyes spoke intelligence and animation, notwithstanding the deep thoughtfulness that frequently clouded his brow.

He

He entreated them, with an air not devoid of grace, to view his rusticity with indulgence; and added that he had been kindly received by the Chamberlain de Fieffenthal, that in their society he might acquire the polish he so unfortunately wanted.

The ladies regarded each other in mute astonishment at a *début* so little expected, and that of the niece, Miss Julia, was not unmixed with a sentiment of admiration.

Valdenburg soon discerned that the situation of this young woman was not a happy one: he saw that she was openly regarded as an inferior by every individual of the family; and he wished to indicate by his conduct, that he could feel for her mortifications, and took an interest in her destiny.

Julia had a fine form, an air of dignity, and

and a pleasing countenance; and indeed the advantages of mind and person which she eminently possessed over her cousins, were powerful incitements to the ill treatment she continually experienced: for the daughters of the Chamberlain, who were equally destitute of beauty, grace, and good-humour, were very solicitous to make poor Julia sensible that in one respect at least they were infinitely superior to her.

Valdenburg having in two or three weeks entirely exhausted his patience and complaisance, returned to his accustomed avocations, dividing his time between the sciences and the fine arts; yet he still contrived to allot several hours in the day to the society of the family.

In vain had the Chamberlain earnestly sought to discover some point in the conduct of his eccentric cousin, on which he might, with a small appearance of justice, found

found the reproofs and lessons he was eager to bestow: but being unwilling to give up the honour of humanizing the savage, and not wishing to lose time, he began his office by blaming and dictating through thick and thin; because, as he was fully convinced Valdenburg must be wrong somewhere, he justly thought that, by attacking his whole system of conduct, he must necessarily strike at the censurable part of it, and thus spare himself any further painful effort of penetration.

"I must endeavour to support this with patience and resignation!" thought Valdenburg, whilst he listened in silence to the harangues of the Chamberlain: from which, however, he always withdrew as soon as possible.

The fate of poor Julia was not more agreeable in this family than that of Valdenburg; and the similarity of their situations

tions engaged the attentions and good-will of each towards the other: his heart was naturally affectionate and grateful; and he beheld with delight the compassionate interest Julia appeared to feel for him—an interest it was so new to the unfortunate Valdenburg to inspire. Until this moment, he had never experienced the power of love; and he was destined to imbibe it from the fine eyes of the orphan dependant, when they expressed for him a mingled sentiment of pity, friendship, and approbation.

Julia had passed the first years of her childhood with her mother, who was a very worthy woman, and had formed her heart to benevolence and virtue; but she very early lost this inestimable parent, and from that period had resided alternately with those of her relations who would condescend to receive her: the necessity she found herself in of bending her inclinations to suit the different characters

racters upon whom she was cast for support and protection, had given a wonderful pliancy to her own: she had so well acquired the tactics of the world she was destined to live in, that her subordinate and dependant situation was rendered less intolerable by her address and management, than almost any other person would have found it; and she was generally a kind of favourite with some one of the family. In that of her uncle the Chamberlain, it was himself who regarded her with an indulgence very extraordinary in a man of his character; but she had the talent of throwing in a little adroit flattery so *à-propos*, and adopting his sentiments so perfectly, that he thought her a very sensible and clever young woman.

Yet this kind of life she found so wearying, and the eternal guard she was compelled to keep upon her own tastes and inclinations so irksome, that she ardently longed for independence, as the first

first blessing of life, and the attainment of riches as the principal step towards it: even when her lips expressed the most exalted or generous sentiments, some indication of this cherished wish would escape her.

She really experienced all the compassion her manner seemed to express for Valdenburg; because his sufferings arose, like hers, from the impertinence of dominion and the insolent exertion of power: she saw that he could not support the yoke with the facility she evinced; but she was far from being able to discover and comprehend the superiority of genius, and the greatness of mind that rendered the task of bending to the frivolous injunctions and declamations of her uncle, almost impossible to poor Valdenburg, whose soul was too noble, too generous, too enlarged, to be well understood by hers: yet she instantly assumed, with infinite address, the tone and manner which

would best conciliate his approbation, and flattered herself that their minds were congenial, when in fact their apparent harmony merely arose from the habitual and almost unconscious suppleness of hers:—and many there are, besides Julia, who fall into the same error; many men assert very positively their opinion of the character of another, and blame or praise his sentiments and ideas, without possessing either judgment or penetration to discover the one or to appreciate the other: and the most insignificant wretch that ever spent his life in servile imitation, will often believe himself on a par with the man whose garb he has copied the fashion of, or whose language he has successfully studied.

Valdenburg, on his part, observed that Julia supported the envy and ill-nature of her cousins with a patient evenness of temper, and a smile of apparent tranquillity, and that she even beguiled them some-

sometimes of little civilities and attentions, by the gentle dignity of her manners.

"Wonderful creature!" thought he: "why is not my mind formed like thine, to endure with calmness the most galling of yokes! Insulated, like myself, amidst these unfeeling and insensible beings, and formed no doubt, like me, to feel the mortification of the neglect and humiliations cast upon you, your sorrows are unmixed with gall, and your patience forsakes you not! I, a man, sink under the weight of the burden, and you support it, spite of the weakness and delicacy of your sex!"

Such were the reflections of Valdenburg; and they increased the passion which Julia had inspired: this sentiment, so new, so pleasing to his soul, governed it with irresistible sway; and though in appearance cold and reserved, never did

any one love with such ardour and sincerity as this young man, who, in the object of his adoration, beheld of his whole race the only one who had never avoided him with contempt or hatred.

For some time Julia discerned only the uncommon respect which Valdenburg evinced for her: he would not venture even to meet her eyes, lest his own should betray his tenderness, and the emotion that seized him, if by accident he touched her hand or her robe, warning him to be careful of observation, he guarded his secret with such constant and scrupulous attention, that it was almost impossible it should be discovered by an indifferent eye.

Julia, who felt much flattered by the testimonies of his respectful regard, rewarded it by every possible mark of esteem and friendship which chance and opportunity allowed her.

When

When the family were engaged with visitors of any distinction, and the presence or absence of Valdenburg and his fair cousin unremarked, she invited him to accompany her in her daily walks, and in these *têtes-à-têtes* confided to him the numberless vexations she was compelled to encounter, and the little disgusts she could not avoid feeling.

During these conferences, so dangerous to Valdenburg, spite of his vigilance, a sigh or a look would at times escape him, that indicated, in some measure, what passed within; and as Julia could not but observe these, she guessed in part the situation of his heart, and was rejoiced at the discovery, because it promised her an emancipation from dependance, and the establishment she ardently wished.

She now watched Valdenburg with minute attention, and saw the tumult of

his soul when she approached him: yet still she doubted, because she could not conceive why he did not avow his sentiments: she had not any idea of the timidity that accompanies real affection, nor of the cautious delicacy such a being as Valdenburg would employ in declaring it; she could not, therefore, understand the value of the sacrifice he made in preserving his self-imposed silence.

He trembled when in walking she leaned upon his arm, or when her hand accidentally encountered his; and Julia, without experiencing a decided inclination for him, took a pleasure in exercising her empire over his mind, and enjoyed his embarrassments.

One day Julia discovered that Valdenburg had given a sum of money, considerable in her eyes, to an old domestic, who had been suddenly dismissed by her uncle for some trifling fault: they happened

pened to meet in the garden a few hours after, and were as usual alone.

Julia immediately led the conversation to the unfeeling action of the Chamberlain, and reverting to the noble one of Valdenburg, dwelt upon the extreme satisfaction it had afforded her: she spoke in an animated tone, and tears trembled in her eyes ere she concluded. Valdenburg saw them fall upon her glowing cheeks; and reflecting that he had created an emotion so pleasing in the heart of Julia, his delight was inexpressible. He stooped to impress his lips on the hand she extended to him, and for the first time imprinted on it an ardent kiss: ere he arose, Julia, flattered by the effect her tears had produced, moved by the act of generosity she had so lately learned, and catching from him a spark of the tenderness by which he was animated, rested her hand upon his shoulder, and

touched his forehead with her lips, ejaculating, at the same moment—"Generous Valdenburg!"

"Julia!" exclaimed Valdenburg, whilst the colour forsook his cheeks—"Oh my Julia!"

He drew her towards him, and pressed her to his bosom, yet he ventured not to return her kiss; and on the first effort she made to withdraw from his arms, he suffered her to quit him, timidly following her with his eyes, to observe if she appeared offended.

Not perceiving any traces of anger on her countenance, he gave a loose to his joyful transports; and they were so extravagant and wild, that she gazed at him with an air expressive of her surprise at an enthusiam that far exceeded her ideas of attachment and love.

Julia

Julia was now well assured of the extent of the passion she had inspired, and she smiled in secret at the singular character of her adorer; whose fondness however flattered her heart: she even felt a growing inclination for him, unmixed and unfeigned, though independence—her darling independence, was yet her principal aim.

She was perpetually expecting from him a more positive declaration, and allowed him many opportunities of explaining his wishes and intentions; but Valdenburg, whose hopes had vanished with the interview that gave them birth, was again timid and silent: yet at intervals he still, though rarely, ventured to entertain the delightful idea of being beloved; but he trembled to yield his belief to the suggestion, and in the succeeding moment regarded it as an illusion impossible to be realized.

Julia having discovered her error in supposing that he would now plead his suit, thought it would be worth her while to form a more intimate acquaintance with the heart of this extraordinary young man; to whom, however, she could not refuse her sincere esteem.

She had originally considered it a very amusing thing to inspire the insensible Valdenburg with love; but she now experienced a secret pleasure in believing that she should one day become his wife; and in indulging this idea, she sometimes almost forgot his rank and his brilliant expectations.

A regard so serious and so ardent as that he had discovered for her, could no longer remain the object of a childish coquetry; and she consequently changed her tone and manner, gave the subject of their conversations a more serious turn, and

and endeavoured to lead them to those which might be analagous to the tastes and studies of Valdenburg, who seldom suffered his sentiments or his acquired knowledge to appear; but with Julia he dropped his inexorable reserve: and she then discerned, as far as her own capacity would allow, the uncommon elevation, generosity, and greatness of that mind so little known and so ill-judged by the world.

To her he imparted the source of his misfortunes; he spoke of the destruction of his youthful happiness, and of the narrow bounds of his future hopes and expectations: and Julia could not avoid observing that in his ideas of equity and virtue he soared not only above the generality of men, but even infinitely beyond her own conception of the one and the other.

In this child of misfortune, whom she had hitherto contented herself with judging more favourably than the rest of his fellow-beings had allowed themselves to do, she found so much sensibility, accompanied with so much energy and feeling, so modest a self-estimation, with so much sublimity of idea, so unaffected a goodness, and so few pretensions, that she felt ashamed of having for a moment considered his passion for her as a mere gratification of her vanity; yet, notwithstanding these reproaches of her conscience, she could not forbear renewing her hypocritical game, to impose upon the love and credulity of Valdenburg.

She was so accustomed indeed to act a part in society, that she almost imposed upon herself when she sought to new-model her mind and principles to accord with his; and believed that to render them perfectly just, noble, and estimable,

estimable, she had required only such an example: she persuaded herself, and still better did she persuade the man who adored her, that she possessed the most elevated sentiments and the most sublime virtues; and this assumption of character was exquisitely varnished over by the facile and captivating graces she had received from Nature.

Valdenburg imagined that he had at length met with the being his fancy had framed, as the perfect work of Nature; he even went further in opinion, and believed that such a soul could scarcely exist but in the celestial regions: and of this heavenly creature he possessed the confidence, the friendship, the esteem—he ventured not yet to add, the love!

In the midst of the illusion by which Julia had enshrined her heart in virtues she did not possess, and sentiments she was incapable of feeling, she suffered herself

herself to be led, by the enthusiasm of the part she acted, further than her general prudence would have otherwise permitted her to go: she discerned the struggles of Valdenburg when his heart urged him to an explanation, and she believed it would be an effort worthy of herself to end them by an explicit avowal of her own love.

She forgot, whilst she reflected upon the best mode of making the intended confession, what Valdenburg had once uttered—that a well-disposed heart is the best and surest guide in affairs of delicacy; and that when we bestow an extreme attention upon the manner of performing an action, the heart can be but little interested in it: neither did she recollect the whisperings of that heart which was not insensible to the apprehension she sometimes conceived—that the father of Valdenburg might perhaps disapprove their union; and if so, that the step she was on the point of taking might compel

compel her to remain for ever in the dependant state she abhorred: still, however, she resolved, at every event, to display to her lover a tenderness of affection that rose superior to vulgar prejudices, and could only proceed from the most distinguished generosity.

The next time therefore that she encountered Valdenburg in the garden, she advanced to meet him with a smile, whilst her cheeks glowed with a livelier red, from the effect of the timidity she could not wholly conquer, and from a pompous consciousness of her intended sacrifice of the prescribed modesty of her sex to exalted love: her eyes were animated with a gentle lustre, and her heart throbbed in the expectation of the interesting moment that was approaching.

Never had she appeared to him so beautiful, so full of sensibility, and innocent

innocent confidence. She placed her hand in his, and motioned to him to seat himself beside her, on a little bench in a sort of bower where they often met and conversed.

The tenderness her look expressed, and the unequal and agitated motion of her bosom, no longer permitted Valdenburg to mistake the sentiment that occupied her mind; and he was almost impelled to throw himself at her feet, when Julia, fearing to be deprived by any previous declaration on his part, of the triumphant generosity she meditated, prevented his purpose, by fixing his attention.

"Valdenburg!" said she, in a trembling accent: but her eyes filled at this moment with involuntary tears; and though she wished that her *noble avowal* should not be characterized by any weakness, she could not resist her emotion.—

"Valden-

"Valdenburg!" repeated she: and her tears fell upon her cheeks.

Shocked and alarmed at her painful agitation, he arose and took her hand.

"You love me, Valdenburg," continued Julia, "and I——"

She could not proceed; and her eyes fell to the ground.

He now more than partook her distress, and misconceiving the cause of it, pressed her hand in an agony, and exclaimed—"Julia, do not thus tremble! You are compelled to rob my soul of these dreams of happiness I have incautiously indulged; but you are not culpable, and I am inured to misery! Farewell!"—And his head fell upon the hand he held.

Surprised

Surprised at the unexpected turn he had given to the conversation, Julia found that she must immediately explain herself; and resting her face on his shoulder, she uttered, in a low voice—"Julia loves you!"

Valdenburg, pale and motionless, regarded her with a look that seemed to say—"Can this be true?" then straining her with transport to his heart, he felt convinced of his happiness by the hand that trembled in his, by the burning cheek of Julia, and the exclamation that escaped her.

He then fell at her feet, and the only expression that burst from his lips was an apostrophe of admiration at the *exalted generosity* of Julia. For the first time in his life, he experienced a sensation of joy unmixed with pain; his senses were bewildered, but his heart was contented and happy: and when he found time to reflect

reflect upon the conduct of his beloved Julia, upon the struggles it must have cost her timidity and modesty to make known her attachment, ere he had explicitly declared his, his gratitude was as boundless as his affection, and he thought the most entire devotion, the most profound veneration, unequal to the sentiments she ought to inspire: every little amusement or satisfaction, independent of Julia, which he happened to taste, he reproached himself for, as a sort of infidelity almost unpardonable.

For some time Julia was contented to soar with him into the regions of enthusiasm; but her mundane thoughts soon reverted to the earth she had quitted, and she failed not to employ the first tranquil minute she could obtain from her wild and ardent lover, in endeavouring to realize her project of independence.

"Will your father," said she, "consent

sent to our union, think you, Valdenburg?"

He replied by a gesture intimating doubt, and added—"My father, Julia, is the only being who will not perhaps applaud my love: yet I hope he will not disapprove it; for what objection can he retain when he has once seen you? But, on the other hand, when I reflect—I cannot say it without horror—that he hates me, and that he may——but, Julia, why should we suffer these apprehensions, when no obstacle can arise to prevent our happiness?"

"No obstacle!" repeated she: "and suppose your father should oppose it?—How am I to understand you?"

"I mean to say," he replied, pressing his hand upon her heart, "that my happiness is centered here! Here, my Julia, must I seek for all I can ever taste of felicity! If you consent to become mine, every thing else will be indifferent to me;

me; and whether I must live in a savage desert, on a throne, or in a cottage, I shall be equally blessed: if my father refuse his approbation, if the whole world oppose me, I shall smile in contempt at their vain efforts. Have I not found a heart attached to me by esteem and love? Reposing in security on this noble and generous heart, I am as well assured of my happiness as if the Powers of heaven had decreed it to me: my paradise will ever be where my Julia is; and if my father were to testify his discontent at my choice, I would fly with her to some far-distant place, where, with only the vault of heaven to cover us, we would laugh at the fruitless anger of interested men!"

As he uttered this effusion, he drew her closer to his heart, and regarded her with redoubled tenderness.

Julia did not entirely coincide with such

such sublime opinions: she smiled, it is true, at the exalted attachment of her lover, and returned his looks of affection; but yet she recurred to her first question—"Can we not think of any means to obtain the consent of your father?"

Valdenburg then confided to her, without hesitation, that the Baron had long destined for him a young woman of large fortune; and that he was not a man to abandon any plan he had once formed, more especially any plan relating to him.

"Yet you appear very tranquil respecting it!" observed Julia, a little piqued.

"Why not, my Julia? A father has his rights, a son his privileges—and still more does man possess that of making his own election, where happiness or misery must follow the choice! I have earnestly endeavoured to persuade my father

father that I would willingly obey him in every other point; but as to this marriage, it certainly would not have taken place, even if I had not become acquainted with Julia."

"What then would you have done?"

"I should not have consented to it."

"But if your father had compelled you?"

"How can the will of a man be compelled, my Julia?"

"I do not quite understand you, my dear Valdenburg: your father would have threatened to disinherit you, and I have heard that you are almost entirely dependant on him: in that case——"

"He certainly would not confine himself to a mere threat," replied Valdenburg, calmly.

"Is the fortune your grandmother bequeathed you, sufficient then to maintain you?"

"It is no longer in my possession: I have given it up to my father."

"That

"That was rather imprudent! Suppose he should now disinherit you?"

"Julia," resumed Valdenburg, with impressive tenderness, "I have never feared poverty sufficiently to place its inconveniences in competition even with the performance of the commonest duty; a mere whim would have almost decided me to make it my preferable choice: judge then, if blessed with your society and your love, whether I should tremble with the apprehension of losing a nominal advantage, which often renders men more miserable than the penury they dread!"

"But, my dear eccentric friend, what would you then do for the support of existence?"

"I would toil for you, Julia; I would love you, and be happy with you!"

"In poverty—in extreme poverty, Valdenburg? You still believe then, that my relations would allow me to give you my hand?"

"Not your uncle, assuredly," replied Valdenburg, in a hasty accent; "for he would become the devil's aid-de-camp to obtain an increase of wealth!"

"Well then, my friend, you see——"

"I see, I feel that Julia should rely upon me—that we should leave the house where her merits cannot be discerned, and that——"

"Elope, my dear Valdenburg! Consider, my honour, my reputation!"

"You would merely follow your husband," said Valdenburg, gravely.

Julia now gave the conference another turn, and evading any further argument, sincerely hoped that things would never be carried to such extremity.

In a few days she began to reflect coolly on what had passed, and perceived that she had acted very imprudently in committing herself with a being

so absurd and whimsical, as to talk of giving up a large inheritance with less concern than she would feel in throwing aside an old ribbon: but what apparently still attached her to him, spite of herself, and gave her at the same time extreme uneasiness, was the difficulty of receding from a lover so passionate, so faithful, and so devoted.

The

The Rival.

VALDENBURG had rightly informed Julia that the favourite project of his father at that moment was to unite him to a lady of large fortune and of a noble family; and it was equally true that when the proposition had been made to him, he had replied, in a calm and decided accent—"I shall not agree to it: the right which a father certainly has to duty and obedience, has its boundaries."

The Baron, however, who was little acquainted with the mind of his son, imagined that he would yield to his importunities and reiterated commands, and he had written to the Chamberlain his views for Valdenburg; so that the intelligence was confirmed to Julia by her uncle, whom she one day artfully interrogated on the subject. At the same time, he drew such a portrait of the Baron, that she plainly perceived there could be little hope of obtaining his consent to any other marriage than the one he had thought proper to approve.

Julia mentioned this to his son; and he assented, without hesitation, to the suggestions that naturally arose; but his own flight, and that of his beloved, he still repeated, would shield them from the power of his father.

In vain did the luckless Julia consider and reconsider her present situation, difficulties

difficulties without number presented themselves on every side: the plan Valdenburg proposed was not by any means to her taste. Her love declined very sensibly, and the efforts she made to conceal the change from the most ardent and passionate of men, increased her coldness: still, however, she felt some remaining inclination for him; but it was not by any means tinctured with enthusiasm or romance; and she began to reflect very seriously upon the best manner of withdrawing from him, without exposing herself to disgrace and reproach.

In the interim, the Baron wrote to his son, to require his instant obedience on the point already agitated between them; and Valdenburg replied, with respectful firmness, that on this single occasion he found obedience impossible.

He would then have mentioned Julia, and spoken of their reciprocal attach-

ment, but, with numberless tears and prayers, she dissuaded him from his purpose.

"Surely sincerity and openness would answer to us better than this concealment," said he, in a serious tone; "but it shall be as you please: if this heart, this hand are mine, I care not for the rest—but, Oh Julia——"

He shuddered, and ceased.

The reply of the Baron brought him the expected menace of depriving him of his inheritance; and Valdenburg, in return, avowed his sentiments on the subject.

A few days after, the Baron himself arrived at the Castle de Fieffenthal, and commanded his son to prepare for his immediate removal.

On

On receiving the order, Valdenburg hastily sought Julia, and having imparted it to her, he seized her hand, exclaiming, in an animated tone—"Now it is that you must consent to fly!"

Julia, in inconceivable alarm, endeavoured to calm his emotion, and conjured him to submit to the enjoined departure.

"He is your parent," said she; "you are his only child, and he will at length relent: but on this occasion you should endeavour to conciliate the Baron by yielding to his injunction."

"Julia," returned Valdenburg, "you know him not!"

Yet he consented to return with his father, at her urgent entreaties: what indeed, devoted as he was, could he refuse her!

Julia was far from entertaining the hope that she was so anxious to impart to the bosom of Valdenburg; but she thought herself better secured from the danger of a discovery, if she could prevail upon him to remove to a distance from her: his passion, which was rendered even yet more impetuous by the obstacles he encountered, made her tremble when she considered the part she had acted.

"I quit you," said Valdenburg—"I "go, Julia: but reflect upon the sacrifice which you only could have induced me to make!"

"A fidelity which no circumstance can have the power of shaking," replied she; "my hand and never-ceasing affection shall be your recompence!"

He embraced her, and set out for the country residence of his father with the most

most dark and mournful presages. The Baron did not accompany him, because he could not endure, he said, to travel with his rebellious and gloomy-minded son.

The drooping hopes of Julia were now, however, rather revived, on observing that the father of her lover regarded her with a very particular complacency: she redoubled her usual efforts to please, and soon succeeded in wholly captivating his good opinion and esteem.

At the Chateau de Fieffenthal the conduct of Valdenburg had created only favourable prejudices; and the Baron, who was perpetually assailed by commendations he neither chose to believe, nor desired to hear, fancied that the whole family were in a combination to deceive him, and addressed himself to Julia to learn the truth; who enlarged still more on the amiable conduct of his son, and

related many circumstances she had observed, and many sentences and expressions which had fallen from the lips of Valdenburg, indicative of love and respect for his father.

"You think then, my lovely cousin," said the Baron, "that he will at length obey my injunctions?"

Julia felt embarrassed at this unexpected demand: she sought, however, for the most plausible excuses for his obstinacy, and concluded by saying that she believed the Baron might give up every idea of enforcing his compliance on one single point; but except the projected marriage, he might expect and obtain every thing from the docility of Valdenburg.

"Except precisely what my heart is most interested in obtaining!" replied the Baron: "yes, he is undoubtedly a very docile

docile young man! You do not know the nature of this vile, mulish, unsocial being, who from infancy has most unnaturally founded his principal and dearest amusement on the torments he has given his parents! I have done for him what few other fathers would have done; but my indulgence and forbearance end here! My dear and amiable cousin, I cannot listen to the excuses you would advance for him; for I have entirely settled and determined upon this marriage which he refuses to conclude—and he knows it: my honour is engaged, and my sacred word pledged; on that word and that honour, therefore, I swear that he shall obey me, or give up every penny of my fortune!"

This declaration was so positive that Julia could not doubt but it would be equally conclusive: she lamented the hapless fate of Valdenburg, but as his father must of necessity disinherit him, she was very decided in her resolution

not to unite her destiny with his. Still, however, she could not forbear endeavouring to exert her evident influence over the Baron, to induce him to think with her that it was rather too great an exertion of prerogative to force a son into a marriage with a woman he could not like.

All her arguments and representations were, however, entirely unavailing, and she then perceived that she must wholly abandon her former hopes.

In resolving upon this renunciation, she thanked Heaven that Valdenburg alone was acquainted with her imprudent advances; and she was so well assured of his generosity, that she had very little fear he would be tempted by any ill treatment to disclose them.

But though the projects of Julia were annihilated by her conferences with the Baron,

Baron, she was at the same time securing to herself another lover, without being, for some time at least, conscious of her conquest: each succeeding day the father of Valdenburg became more firmly attached to his young and portionless relation; he was continually making her very considerable presents, he praised her good sense, was amused by her wit, admired the grace and beauty of her person, and perpetually deferred his long-talked-of departure.

The Baron was about fifty years of age; but his manners were pleasing, and his conversation lively and agreeable: he was generally esteemed a man of sense, and never displayed any harshness of temper but to his unfortunate son; his figure and countenance were not without dignity; and he inspired a general sentiment of respect and consideration, which the keen eye of Julia had not failed to remark.

Every

Every day his deportment became more tender, and his admiration more visible; and at length he requested the uncle of Julia to learn from herself if, notwithstanding the inequality of their ages, she would consent to marry him.

"Julia," exclaimed the Chamberlain, entering her apartment with precipitation, "I have excellent news for you! The Baron of Valdenburg—you can guess what I would say—my dear Julia, the Baron wishes to become your husband!"

Julia turned pale, and a sudden tremor seized her.

"Oh my uncle! it is impossible!" she replied, with an aspect of consternation: "Oh my uncle! return instantly to him, and tell him it is utterly impossible!"

"And why impossible, my fair niece? I have, on the contrary, given the Baron to understand that I shall forward his suit with

with my whole interest; and I am now going to inform him that you assent to it very readily."

He would then have left the apartment; but Julia, in inexpressible agony, detained him, fell at his feet, and conjured him, with a flood of tears, not to precipitate her into a misery she could not support even in idea.

"Rise, and listen to me!" returned her uncle, in a cold and authoritative tone: "the Baron of Valdenburg, the richest man in this State, polite, sensible, well-informed, and not far advanced in years, demands the hand of the poor orphan Julia de Fieffenthal, who cannot boast of one earthly good, but a pretty person, of which a few years will destroy the attractions: Miss Julia will therefore consent to the proposal, or I shall immediately send her to her aunt, with whom she must manage to live as well as she

can. In short, Julia, it does not suit you to be romantic: I can allow indeed a few little airs and absurdities on such an occasion, and even that look of terror and confusion which you have now put on, because it is far from being unbecoming; at the same time, when a noble and splendid establishment is in question, I expect an answer dictated by good sense and discretion.

Julia could scarcely have been menaced with any thing more unpleasant and repugnant to her than the hint of sending her to her aunt, with whom she had suffered, for three long and dreary years, all that a dependant can possibly be made to suffer: yet the idea of marrying the father of Valdenburg was still more dreadful to her, and she shuddered at the prospect of such an union.

"I leave you to reflect upon what I have said," resumed her uncle: "I shall tell

tell the Baron that his proposition was so unexpected that you are rather surprised at it, and that you entreat a few days to consider the matter. And as to the real state of the case, I embarrass myself very little about it; for in a fortnight, or a month at most, you shall become Baroness of Valdenburg! Such extreme good fortune as this, people do not meet with twice in their lives! For the present, therefore, adieu, my simple niece!"

Scarcely had her uncle closed the door, when Julia arose from her seat, with a firm resolution to refuse her assent to the detested marriage, whatever it might cost her.

"I would prefer, a thousand times," exclaimed she, "to be condemned to pass my wretched life under the roof of my aunt, rather than subject myself to the horror of beholding Valdenburg, after having so perfidiously, so cruelly used

used him!—Ah, I now see that he was right—flight was our only refuge!"

If Valdenburg had still been near her, Julia would instantly have followed wherever he might lead; but now, left wholly to herself, without advice, without succour, and wanting, in fact, that decision and energy of character which she had merely believed herself to possess whilst her soul was electrified by the enthusiastic spirit of her lover, she could not resolve to act either with heroism, or even with common candour.

The whole night she remained in tears, and without closing her eyes: this dreaded marriage, her equally dreaded aunt, the love and despair of Valdenburg, and the immense fortune of his father, all combined to retain her in an agitation that nearly bordered on despair.

The

The next morning she descended to the breakfast-saloon with her aspect pale, her eyes red and swelled, and her heart almost bursting: she had, however, decided to deprive the Baron of those hopes her uncle had given him, though she could not persuade herself to reveal the attachment she now found reviving in her heart for his hapless son.

But she was not allowed any opportunity of putting this resolution in practice; for the Baron, by the advice of her uncle, avoided any mention of his particular views, and in the course of the day he left the house, to attend to the duties of his office near the person of his Sovereign.

When Julia again appeared at dinner, she found a large circle of the Fieffenthal family assembled; in the midst of which she beheld her feared and detested aunt, who had been purposely sent for the preceding

ceding evening from some distance.—When the repast was concluded, the Chamberlain, in a pompous accent, announced the proposal of the Baron de Valdenburg; which created a wonderful surprise in every one present, and Julia was universally and warmly felicitated upon her happiness in procuring so brilliant an establishment: but their astonishment redoubled when she declared that she was resolved to refuse it.

"Julia," cried her uncle, in a voice of anger, "if all this folly is not merely meant to shew your importance, let me tell you that you are carrying on the farce a little too far! You may think as you please—but I declare to you, in that case, you must seek another home; for in my house no one shall act in so preposterous and frantic a manner!"

Every individual of the family now exclaimed against her most vehemently; and

and her dreaded aunt, with a shrill voice and an acrimonious countenance, overwhelmed the agonized Julia with mingled menace and exhortation. All that she had suffered from this unfeeling relation presented itself in lively colours to her imagination, and she wept and trembled.

She was not suffered to utter a single word of justification: indeed amidst the torrent of reproaches that poured upon her from every quarter, it was impossible she could have been for a moment heard: and at length she was compelled to promise that she would further consider the proposal ere she finally resolved upon it.

The next day the Baron returned, to the extreme horror of Julia, who had intended, however, to speak to him privately, and throw herself upon his generosity; but some one of the family perpetually and obstinately persevered in attending her steps; and in the evening, the Baron guessing

guessing the expectations of this conclave of Fieffenthals, renewed his suit in form, in the presence of the whole assembly.

Every eye was now fixed upon her, and the mien of the aunt presented to the imagination of the unhappy girl so horrible a menace of future misery, that her courage forsook her, and pale and trembling she contented herself with entreating a little further time for reflection.

From this moment her destiny was decided: the most expensive presents were forced upon her acceptance—every day was a *fête*, and Julia the object of it: she was overwhelmed with officious and premature congratulations; and so completely surrounded by her relations, and stunned by their comments and felicitations, that it was impossible to devote a single hour to her anxieties and to recollection. To all this might be added a moment-

a momentary idea that would now and then intervene of the independence ever so flattering to her imagination, a title, equipages, a *home*—that blessing which poor Julia had never known—elegant houses, where she might receive in her turn the adulation of those haughty relatives who had perpetually endeavoured to humiliate and mortify her—the consideration of the rich, the respect of the less exalted; every thing, in short, which had been the object of her ardent ambition.

A superb ball was given by the Baron to the whole Court; and Julia, the idol of the day, was dazzled with the brilliancy that surrounded her, and intoxicated with the homage which every one offered, in consideration of the rank she was shortly expected to fill, rather than in compliment to her youth and her charms.

The

The scene failed not of the effect expected by the artful Chamberlain de Fieffenthal; who chose this moment, when the mind of his niece was in a whirl of pleasing confusion, aided too by the secret complacency it inspired, to call for her explicit determination, which her ancient adorer awaited with extreme impatience.

She had been drawn rather apart from the gay scene by her uncle, and she had even then sufficient leisure to compare it with the abode of her aunt. She gave the fatal consent; but at the same instant the sudden pang that seized her heart announced to the conscious bosom in which it beat with such uneasy rapidity, all the perfidy, the cruelty of this shameful weakness.

Julia now became desperate; she could not recede—she wished not to look forward,

ward, and endeavoured to silence the reproaches of her conscience by plunging into dissipation.

But as the day fixed upon for her marriage drew nigh, she shuddered, and vainly sought to shrink from its approach; she even endeavoured to delay it, and to find some reason for breaking with the Baron: but not the slightest pretext presented itself to her bewildered mind; and having now constantly before her eyes the image of Valdenburg, betrayed and driven to despair and madness—Valdenburg, whom she must henceforth call her son, she forgot all that had appeared to her an extenuation of her perfidy, and all that she once believed could console and reward her for it.

Yet though in her present agony of mind, she found herself capable of undertaking any thing that might extricate her from a situation almost insupportable, she

made no decisive effort to emancipate herself, but waited the event, like a predestined victim.

But her own sufferings, however keen, almost vanished before the idea of the misery Valdenburg must feel, when he learned her marriage with his father; and this horrid and tormenting thought was still predominant, even after the dreaded day had dawned that was to give her to the Baron.

When the ceremony was concluded and her fate accomplished, Julia fell senseless at the foot of the altar. A murmur of compassion arose amidst the spectators; and even her uncle experienced a momentary remorse, secretly exclaiming, as he regarded his lifeless niece—"I fear this will not terminate well!"

Again Julia essayed the effects of dissipation, and plunged into a vortex of gaiety

gaiety and amusement; but vainly did she try to deaden her feelings.

When the day of their departure for the *chateau* of the Baron arrived, which her conscious motive had denied her the power of retarding, the idea of meeting Valdenburg disordered her whole frame, and she was conducted to the carriage in a state of stupor almost amounting to insensibility; nor did she in any degree recover her recollection until the Baron accidentally mentioned that his son was on a visit at a neighbouring villa.

This unhappy young man was entirely ignorant of what had recently happened, as his father thought it quite unnecessary to speak to him of his marriage until they met; and Valdenburg had been employed rather in performing the duties of humanity than in the less important ones of society; for he had been remaining a fortnight with a solitary valetudinarian,

and had scarcely returned to the mansion of his father half an hour when the Baron arrived at it himself with his bride.

The prepared state of every apartment immediately struck Valdenburg; but not meeting at the moment with any one to whom he could demand the reason of this, he soon ceased to think of it, and falling into his usual abstraction, mused upon his beloved, his idolized Julia. In her absence ever sad and thoughtful, he had unconsciously fixed his eyes upon a picture that decorated the saloon, representing his mother and his beautiful brothers, when the door opened, and Julia herself appeared, conducted by the Baron. A vision so unexpected, overwhelmed him with surprise and joy, and, without entertaining the most remote suspicion of the truth, he was springing forward to meet her, when Julia, shocked and confounded at his presence, turned towards

towards her woman, who was following her to the dressing-room whither the Baron was leading her, and leaned for support upon her arm.

Her husband meantime began to inform his son of his marriage; but his communication was interrupted by an exclamation from the *femme-de-chambre*, who called out, in an accent of terror—"My Lady is fainting!"

The Baron instantly flew to her assistance, and without observing that Valdenburg, nearly in the same situation, was obliged to sustain himself against a marble column, scarcely colder or more colourless than himself.

When Julia revived, the hapless object of her perfidy had disappeared, and his father, who was the first to remark his silent evasion, indignant at what he attributed to contempt or aversion, said,

in a voice of anger — "My son has already given us a specimen of his attention and respect!"

Julia would fain have uttered something to excuse the conduct of Valdenburg — she endeavoured to smile too, to ameliorate the wrath of the Baron; but her senses were yet confused, and her heart seemed bursting, so that her words were incomprehensible, and her smile only an effort.

The unhappy, ill-fated Valdenburg had flown he cared not whither; and his recollection only returned to him when he found himself in the midst of a thick wood, which he had penetrated he knew not how. In the horror that had seized his soul, and the frantic emotions that overwhelmed him, he threw himself on the earth, against which he dashed his head with violence; and at length exhausted

exhausted himself by the force of his agitation.

In this situation, the idea occurred to him that his father perhaps had merely intended to occasion him a pleasing surprise, by conducting Julia to his house as a bride: that she had confessed their mutual love, and with the power of persuasion, which he himself had found so irresistible, had wrested the approbation of the Baron, who meant to present her to him as his own daughter and the beloved wife of his son.

This appeared indeed so much more probable than the marriage of his father, that he started up in a transport of joy, exclaiming—"Yes, yes—it must be so! How could I be mad enough to imagine any thing so wildly horrible!"

With agitated haste, he retraced his way to the mansion; but in crossing a

lawn immediately before it, he beheld Julia near a window, still pale and languid, supported in the arms of the Baron, whose caresses indeed she did not return; but Valdenburg had seen enough to convince him that the dreadful suggestion of the morning was but too well founded.

He uttered a deep groan, and gnashing his teeth with rage and anguish, rushed to his own apartment, where he shut himself up, and, entirely overpowered by the shock, threw himself on his bed, and resigned himself to the deepest despair.

In this state he continued until morning, repeating from time to time, with wild fury—"She is then the wife of my father!—Julia—his wife!—and men acting thus expect to be revered and loved! —Julia, whom I cherished in my inward heart, the wife of my father!—Oh God! can

can I support it!—the wife of my father!

The Mother-in-law.

"BROTHER Joseph," said my father in a faint voice, and giving my uncle the Bible, which had been brought to him whilst he was confined to his bed by indisposition—"brother Joseph, the more I read this book, the more strongly I am convinced of the truth of these words—'Judge not, lest ye be judged—condemn not!' When I have examined

myself impartially, my dear Joseph, and asked myself in what I am benevolent or good, I find that I am not entitled to raise myself from a bed of sickness with any degree of pride or self-satisfaction.—Without doubt, when every thing goes on well, I am tolerably placid myself; but when I look over my journal, and find an unpleasant *nota-bene*, of some event out of the common course, I always feel an answering one on my conscience! I was tolerably free from inquietude however, until that unfortunate affair of Suzette—may Heaven take compassion on that poor girl, and be more merciful to her than we have been, to whose paternal care and guidance Providence entrusted her! I must acknowledge, brother Joseph, that it was a very trying circumstance; but how did we conduct ourselves in it? Suzette was culpable, certainly; but her extreme youth, and her subsequent penitence, considered, she was not the most so of us three. If it should

happen

happen to us, as it does to other men, to be continually vexed with difficulties and misfortunes, we should not have to boast much of our forbearance or goodness. It is a very easy thing to talk of courage and resolution, and put a good face upon the matter, when the enemy is far away; but if he shews himself—God help us! we throw away both arms and baggage, and fly before him! Our intentions respecting Suzette were not bad; but we did not, in fact, behave so well as we ought to have done; and, without meaning to do so, we acted a cruel part—we judged and condemned——"

"And we are now judged and condemned ourselves!" interrupted my uncle, wiping his eyes.

"I only meant to observe," continued my father, regarding him with affectionate compassion, "that circumstances will sometimes occur in the life of man, in which he finds it difficult to conduct himself without an extraordinary effort

of virtue, and in which he often commits an injustice, or an act of oppression or harshness, in the idea that it is his only alternative!"

"Suzette would still have been with us," said my uncle, "if I had been less inexorable on that unhappy occasion!"

"I only mean to say," resumed my father, more gently, "that man ought not to judge until he has placed himself in the condition of those whom he condemns: he ought not to say, with the Pharisee—'I thank thee, my God, that I am not like one of these!"

"Brother Christian," exclaimed my uncle, "I have treated Suzette more cruelly than a Pharisee would have done: I drove her from the protection of her family; and who knows how the poor child may have been drawn away! Her disposition was not bad; and yet I turned her out—for aught I knew, to die!"

"To die!" repeated my father, raising his eyes to heaven with a look that seemed

at once to implore pity and forgiveness: and here the conversation ended. They continued to meditate upon Suzette, and in silence offered up a prayer for her well-being and future happiness.

This conference between my father and my uncle may well be included in the history of Julia: had my father been acquainted with it, he could not have made a better apology for her than that he had advanced for mankind in general.

Julia now found herself in one of those difficult situations, where we must either be satisfied with the appearance of virtue without the reality, or preserve our conscience undisturbed by a painful sacrifice of self-love: to confess to her husband all that had happened, and to remove her lover from her society and her presence, ought to have been the determination of Julia.

There

There was a circumstance in the life of my excellent father, in talking of which my mother one day said—"You conducted yourself on that occasion, my dear Christian, better than I could have supposed any person could have done."

My father immediately answered—"You are much mistaken, my dear; I acted much more reprehensibly than you could have supposed—more so indeed than at the moment I myself imagined." And he wrote in his journal, as a note upon the circumstance—"Men often aggravate a fault committed, to avoid the shame of avowing it."

It was this shame, this mortifying avowal, that Julia wished to spare herself, without foreseeing that she was plunging, by the concealment, into a much more cruel and perplexing situation.

In

In her dreaded removal to the *chateau* of the Baron, her mind was agitated the whole way with a variety of plans to escape the misery that awaited her, without forfeiting the esteem and consideration of her husband, of the world, and of Valdenburg; and she had at length formed a resolution, which the unexpected and immediate encounter of her son-in-law had disconcerted.

The next morning, after having revolved the idea the whole night, she conveyed to him a letter which she had written before her journey had been undertaken; hoping that its contents would arrest the explosion of the ill-requited passion of poor Valdenburg, and prevent it from reaching the knowledge of her husband.

This letter was faithfully delivered by her woman; it was constructed with great address, and contained a justification

tion of the conduct which had deprived her hapless lover of hope and peace; it was a very artful mixture of truth and falsehood, which she believed the high opinion he had entertained of her would render credible.

She told him that their union would have been impossible, considering the positive character of his father, his prejudice in favour of the young lady he had chosen as his daughter-in-law, and the more unjust one he had conceived against his son; and that when she reflected upon the irreconcilable hatred a private marriage would draw upon the head of Valdenburg—a hatred his filial piety would render it difficult for him to support calmly, she had submitted to misery herself, rather than entail upon him the dreadful malediction of an incensed parent.

"Whilst I remained free, dear and unhappy

unhappy friend," wrote the Baroness, "you would still have cherished a fallacious hope, and the returning affection of your father would never have gladdened your heart: I gave him my hand that I might become the bond of amity between you, and casting from me every expectation of happiness myself, I wish only to possess the enviable faculty of bestowing it upon two beings formed to love and esteem each other.

"My tears drop upon the paper, and never will they cease to flow. I have sacrificed to the hard dictates of virtue all I hold most dear; but I am not sufficiently magnanimous to support this sacrifice without weeping at past recollections. These tears I must not indulge, and they are my only consolation, save that which Fate must not deny me—of reconciling a father to a worthy and misjudged son. If I am the only unfortunate in the family to which I now belong by a tie my reason and my conscience

conscience approve, I shall not regret the resolution I formed of entering it merely to restore peace and harmony to its bosom, or the painful struggle that preceded that resolution. Do not, I conjure you, Valdenburg, do not render vain and useless an effort which has torn from my bosom all its once smiling prospects!"

This letter was not read without many interruptions, which the strong emotions of Valdenburg occasioned: he bathed it with tears, and his heart was now in some degree relieved. The idea that Julia was now his mother was still dreadful; but he admired the generous motive by which she had been actuated to sacrifice herself and her well-remembered attachment. His soul, ever elevated by instances of virtue to which it was seldom unequal, determined him to imitate and

and obey her; and he endeavoured to submit to his destiny with resignation: but the more he considered the conduct of Julia in the heroic point of view in which she chose to place it, the more sensibly he felt her loss.

Believing himself, however, after the reiterated perusal of her letter, better fortified than he could have hoped against the weakness of his heart, he resolved to soften, if possible, the anger of his father at the abruptness of his evasion on their first meeting, by voluntarily entering their presence, and offering his congratulations to him and to the Baroness: but his emotion, on again beholding her, overcame the resolution he had been fostering, to sustain her presence, and he could only bow in silence, without the power of uttering a syllable.

The Baron regarded his mute struggles with indignant mortification; and attributed

buted the agitation of his son to aversion for himself, contempt for his mother-in-law, and an interested dislike of their marriage.

His anger augmented, when he beheld Valdenburg plunged each day into a deeper gloom—when he observed that he fled him coveted only the wild solitude of the neighbouring wood, and never, upon any occasion, addressed a word or a look to the Baroness.

Julia, to whom he imparted not his displeasure, to avoid giving her pain, but too well perceived it; yet she could not soften the unjust impression he had received, because she dreaded lest, in espousing the cause of his son, she should betray her own feelings.

Valdenburg meantime was consumed by a passion only the more powerful by the incessant efforts he made to combat it;

it; and the solitude to which he flew to avoid the tender and melancholy regards of Julia, which he found himself entirely unable to support, by depriving him of the necessity of abstracting his mind from the single idea that occupied it, added strength to the chains he vainly struggled to break. A thousand times he was tempted to throw himself at the feet of her he adored, and avowing the anguish of his soul, seek that death which could alone release him from his sufferings.

But a weakness so unworthy of him was prevented by the perpetual recollection that Julia was the wife of his father; and he then fled her presence, and remained whole days in his gloomy retreat.

At length an effort of virtue enabled him to form the design of quitting, not only herself, but the neighbourhood of the spot she inhabited; and he respectfully

fully entreated his father to allow him to travel for a year or two.

"No, you shall remain here," replied the Baron, in a cold and severe accent.

"Let me conjure you," replied Valdenburg, "to indulge me—in the name of all you hold sacred, my father——"

"It is my will that you remain here," repeated the Baron; "you have already proved to me that travelling does not improve your disposition or your sentiments."—And he left the room, without listening to the further importunity of his son.

Valdenburg now felt overpowered by the waywardness of his fate.

"I have done all that depends upon me," exclaimed he, "to fly from misery and guilt, and if my resolution should fail, if I should follow the impetuous dictates of passion, is mine the fault?"

This

This reflection was a rapid step towards the dreadful abyss from which his calmer mind would have shrunk in horror; and he walked to and fro in his apartment with an unequal motion, repeating the stern sentence of his father—"It is my will that you remain here!"

The contest in his mind between habitual rectitude and momentary weakness did not, however, last long; and when returning virtue regained her empire over his heart, he sought to strengthen his better resolutions by resuming his books and usual occupations.

The first volume he happened to open was the Œdipus of Sophocles, and the first sentence that caught his eye, the dreadful oracle of Apollo which Œdipus so fatally accomplished.

Valdenburg, inexpressibly struck with the effect of that chance that presented it

it to his conscious eye, read it aloud: his trembling hands let fall the book, and his aspect, in which terror was strongly imprinted, lost every trace of the colour that an instant before had rushed to his cheek.

Shocked and dismayed, his own voice still sounded the horrid sentence in his ears, and vainly he endeavoured to drive it from his recollection: he was not accustomed to lull his conscience with specious reasonings, and he now plainly discerned the gulf into which he had almost suffered himself to be drawn.

The name of Julia, which he had hitherto continued to give the Baroness, had nourished his error.

"No," exclaimed he, "she is no longer my Julia!—I am no longer her lover!—she is the wife of my father!"—And the crime which for a moment he had

had contemplated without horror or repugnance, now appeared in all its deformity.

By a violent effort he shook off those dangerous illusions by which his imagination had been seduced, and the calm which accompanies a virtuous resolution, joined to a reflective melancholy not unpleasing, succeeded to his former frantic despair.

On the following day he endeavoured to conciliate the mind of his father by an attention and respect he had not lately exhibited any semblance of, and finding himself a few moments alone with him, he threw himself into the arms of the Baron with the most unfeigned desire of a perfect reconciliation: had this sentiment been better comprehended by his mistaken father, Valdenburg might from that hour perhaps have tasted of happiness; but each particular action, equally

with his general conduct, was destined to be misconstrued.

"What would you?" demanded the Baron with haughty disgust.

"I would," replied Valdenburg, tenderly, "for one moment be pressed to the heart of a father!"

"I suppose," resumed the Baron in an ironical accent, "that you are suddenly assailed with an affectionate apprehension lest my marriage should diminish your inheritance! Go—I am not to be deceived!"

The happy effect this moment might have produced was thus lost beyond recall; and Valdenburg, despairing of being enabled at any future time to overcome the prejudice of his father, resumed his usual reserve.

The situation of Julia now became every instant more dangerously critical: although

although her attachment for Valdenburg had abated in his absence, yet the state of his mind, to which she could not be a stranger, the passion she traced in his gloomy aspect, the tears he shed in secret, of which she discerned the traces, and the profound respect he manifested for her, made but too much impression on her imagination.

Humanity, and the compassion she involuntarily experienced for him, should have induced her to wish that he might forget the tender admiration he had formerly professed; but her vain and unfeeling soul gloried in inspiring an affection so true and so indelible.

Her intention at first had merely been to calm the indignation she imagined he must feel, and to excite him to overcome his unfortunate prepossession; but when she observed the excess of the attach-

ment she had so ill requited, she regretted extremely that she had not better appretiated such a heart; and endeavoured at least to make him some kind of reparation for the conscious perfidy of her conduct, by reconciling him with his father.

But the deeply-rooted opinion of the Baron was not to be overthrown, and she failed in every effort for this purpose.

"You have not yet discovered his temper, and the gloomy malice of his mind," said he, in reply to her persuasions and entreaties; "but you will shortly know him better."

The interest with which Valdenburg now inspired her, made her think this repulse doubly cruel, and the prejudice that occasioned it doubly unjust; and she believed

believed that the only indemnification she could offer him, was the increased tenderness of her own regard.

"And why indeed should I withhold it from him?" exclaimed she: "my friendship, to which he cannot refuse a return, may become the mean of reducing his passion to the same standard!"

She hesitated, however, some time ere she found courage to offer him this disinterested friendship; and, in the interim, she thought proper to inform herself of all his occupations and amusements—she watched his every motion, discovered the secret tears he still shed, and heard his smothered sighs: every day, in short, but the more convinced her of his strong attachment and the grief he indulged.

Her compassion augmented with her inclination to alleviate his sufferings, and the love she had formerly felt, and which

she believed to be totally extinguished, revived with increased energy; and thus approaching insensibly the edge of a precipice, of which the name of friendship hid the danger, she experienced each day a more animated tenderness for him.

Sometimes her eyes would fix themselves on his pallid face, and when they encountered those of Valdenburg, they dropped suddenly to the ground, to conceal the tear that trembled in the lid. When she addressed him, her voice insensibly softened; nor could she always refrain, in the presence of her husband, from alluding, in some degree, to their former connection, though the terms she employed were too guarded to be understood by the Baron.

Valdenburg was, however, too much occupied with his own sentiments, and with his painful endeavours to conquer them, to remark any thing in the conduct of

of the Baroness but innate goodness and generosity: he respected her too much indeed, now his delirium had subsided, to admit for a moment an idea that she could act in a manner which the strictest propriety would not authorize. Valdenburg even wished to conceal from her the chagrin that preyed upon his mind, that she might not be hurt by the idea of having been the source of it; and in her presence he often appeared, not only composed, but rather cheerful.

Julia failed not to attribute this favourable change to the hope her attentions and looks inspired; and she persuaded herself that a kind of intelligence was established between them, of which Valdenburg had not the most remote idea.

When the heart of Julia had advanced thus far, what principle or delicacy could there yet remain in it for her to overcome? This conscious heart perpe-

tually whispered to her that she owed this unfortunate young man a more ardent gratitude than her situation would properly allow her to offer him; and though she did not confess to herself that her intentions were criminal, yet she voluntarily shut her eyes upon what was passing in her mind, and yielded to the weakness that had seized it, notwithstanding the warnings of her conscience.

At this dangerous epocha the Baron was compelled to leave home for a few days, and Julia remained alone with his son. On the first day of his absence, she entered the dining-room with extreme agitation; but Valdenburg was not there: he had hunted in the morning, and was not yet returned, the domestics said.

At the moment she was not displeased with the delicacy of his conduct; but in a few hours, after having reflected upon it for some time, she began to think that his

his discretion was rather affected, and too marked.

The next day she gave directions to have her dinner in her own dressing-room, without entirely deciding whether this step were dictated by prudence or resentment:—she enquired, however, where Valdenburg was; and learning that he was still absent, she could no longer dissimulate to herself that she was piqued and disappointed.

On the following morning, scarcely conscious of her own intention, she entered the garden, and having walked for some time in sight of the house, at length advanced towards a building at the extremity of the grounds, to which she had heard Valdenburg often retired.

She feared to enter it; yet, after a few moments of irresolution, she opened the door, and beheld him reading.

He started on perceiving Julia, and the colour forsook his cheeks; but a strong sensation of propriety enabled him to overcome his emotion, and he approached her with an open and unembarrassed air.

Julia, sensible of her imprudence, could not so well conceal her agitation; and her changing aspect gave Valdenburg pain and uneasiness: he attributed it to their meeting, which he believed to be unexpected by her; and, to relieve her from her embarrassment, he conducted her to a little amphitheatre of flowers, recently arranged beside the building, that her attention, directed to them, might no longer dwell on subjects of inquietude and perhaps of alarm.

Julia fancied that she perceived in the serenity of his countenance and manner, the pleasing certainty of being beloved; and this idea did not contribute to calm her

her mind: she felt all the danger to which she had voluntarily exposed herself; but she would not recede, though her tremor compelled her to lean for support against a palisade.

Valdenburg was shocked at her pallid aspect and shaking nerves, and believing that she was fainting, his lips pronounced the name by which he had been accustomed to distinguish her; and whilst he articulated the well-known sound of "*Julia!*" he stretched out his hand to sustain her.

Julia was deceived by the expression of interest his countenance exhibited, which she believed to proceed from a sentiment similar to her own; and throwing herself upon his extended arm, her head sunk upon his shoulder, and her trembling lips half articulated an avowal which, far from comprehending, he did not even distinctly hear.

His apprehensions of her indisposition increased.

"You are ill, Julia!" he tenderly exclaimed.

Her confusion was now inexpressible: she dared not exhibit to Valdenburg her disordered aspect bathed in tears, and was compelled, therefore, still to avert it from his enquiring eyes; but the throbbing of her heart, and the universal trembling of her frame he plainly distinguished.

Valdenburg awaited in silence and extreme perplexity her expected explanation of this violent emotion, which to him appeared the effect of some sudden sorrow; for his exalted opinion of the virtue of Julia was so identified with her idea, that he was unable to separate them.

The next moment, however, the appearance

appearance of a gardener who approached the place to water the flowers, relieved him from a situation the most painful and embarrassing he had ever experienced; and Julia, scarcely able to support herself, hastily turned towards the house, whither Valdenburg accompanied her without uttering a syllable; and on reaching it, the Baroness instantly retired to her apartment, to ruminate on what had passed; but she found it impossible to recall any distinct idea of the scene: she only recollected the name of *Julia* uttered by Valdenburg in an accent that still vibrated on her ear, and beheld his arms extended towards her:—she believed that he had heard her culpable confession with answering tenderness, and that the intelligence now established between them was such as she wished. A momentary sense of guilt and infamy assailed her, it is true, followed by a pang of remorse; but Valdenburg was now, she thought, acquainted

acquainted with her weakness—he even shared it, and their destiny was decided.

When he no longer beheld the Baroness, the only idea he retained from the remembrance of her paleness, her tremor, and the kind of fainting that had seized her, was that of an indisposition that might perhaps be dangerous. He was inexpressibly uneasy at this reflection; but he had announced his intentions of again dining from home, and he could not, therefore, from his own immediate observation, alleviate his inquietude; but in the evening it impelled him to venture to the saloon, in the hope of finding her there.

This expectation was disappointed; and Valdenburg was slowly returning to his own apartment, when he met on the stairs the favourite attendant of the Baroness, who replied to his enquiry, that she feared her Lady was very ill; but, notwithstanding

standing her entreaties, she would not suffer the family physician to be sent for, or even that either of her women should remain with her.

The terror of Valdenburg was much increased by this intelligence; and having learned that Julia was in her dressing-room, he hurried thither to enforce, by his earnest request, the rejected proposition of her attendant; and this attention he thought his respect of duty to his father, equally with the interest he felt for the Baroness, should impel him to pay her.

At the door, however, of her apartment he suddenly stopped, and after a moment of irresolution, gently tapped at it. The voice of Julia, in low and languid accents, gave the permission this signal required; and Valdenburg immediately entering, beheld her seated on a sofa, her head resting on her hand, in an

an attitude equally expressive of pain as of meditation. She suddenly raised her eyes; and Valdenburg, eager to explain the motive of his intrusion, said, in a hesitating manner—"I hear that you have dismissed your attendants, and that you have desired to be alone; and I considered that this apartment is so entirely separated from—you have refused likewise——but, good Heavens! you do not listen to me—you do not appear to comprehend me!" he added, taking one of her burning hands in his.

"Yes, Valdenburg," she replied, throwing off every restraint she had hitherto preserved, "I would for ever listen to you! For you I will sacrifice every duty—for you I will forget myself and the whole world!"

As if struck by the vengeful bolt of heaven,

heaven, Valdenburg started back; the veil was now torn from his eyes, and he stood for a moment petrified with astonishment and horror: the image of Julia, debased and deformed by guilt and vice, was dreadful to him, and he found it the bitterest anguish he had yet experienced.

In the frenzy of the moment he fell at her feet, to conjure her to recall her wandering thoughts, and return to the virtue she could not lose sight of without unceasing self-reproach and the most horrible remorse: he then meant to bid her an eternal adieu; but Julia, whose erring inclination still impelled her to view his emotions as congenial to her own, threw her arms round him as he knelt before her; and at this instant the fatal oracle and Œdipus presented themselves to his imagination: he snatched himself from her embrace, and exclaimed, in a voice of terror—

"My

"My mother, to what perdition would you drag me!"

This unexpected appellation, and the sentence that followed, struck upon the heart of Julia like the icy hand of Death. She now believed that she must have deceived herself; and almost suffocated with shame and anguish, she covered her face with her hands, and gasped for breath.

Her agony inspired the generous soul of Valdenburg with compassion; and approaching her a few steps—

"I conjure you, Madam," said he, in a gentle voice, "not to yield to despair! This fatal moment of weakness——"

"Will be effaced from my recollection and your own," he would have added, "by the future purity and firmness of your conduct;" but Julia suffered him not to proceed: for at this allusion to her guilty

guilty error, she rose suddenly, and darting at him a look of rage—

"Wretch! monster!" exclaimed she, "I now discern your plan! You have spread for me a snare, into which the most artful seduction has allured me, and now you would crush me in the toil! That hated moment of which you speak, is your own villanous work, and now you triumph in recalling it to my distracted mind: but you have not yet subdued me! Quit my sight, monster of duplicity!"

This sudden fury was actually occasioned by the idea she intimated, which led her to believe that she was the victim of a premeditated scheme, by which Valdenburg meant to avenge her desertion of him: his appearance of profound and unabated attachment to her, the scene of the morning, his entrance into her apartment, where, by his own avowal, he had learned she was alone, and the equivocal sense

sense of the speech by which he had announced it - all seemed to her disturbed imagination a proof of the treachery she suspected; and her indignation increased with every passing moment.

"Villain!" she continued, "I might once have loved you; but you are now my detestation, and I may likewise think of vengeance! Quit my sight for ever, unfeeling, obdurate, insensible wretch!"

Valdenburg shuddered at the convulsive fury of her aspect, and the motion of her pale trembling lips.

"Can you obtain sufficient empire over yourself to listen to me?" asked he coolly.

The air of indifference and contempt which Valdenburg involuntarily betrayed, increased the tempest in the bosom of Julia.

"No,"

"No," replied she, "I will no more listen to so hypocritical, so vile a wretch! Acknowledge that your perfidious plan was to lead me to shame, misery, reproach, and scorn!—Yet once you loved me!"

"Yes," replied he still more coolly, "I did once love you—do not now compel me to despise you:—yes, I loved you; but never did I calmly harbour a thought of betraying the honour and the happiness of my father!"

Valdenburg was unconscious at the moment he uttered this, of the poignant insult it must appear intentionally to convey to the heart of Julia, whose guilty soul caught fire at the self-appropriated sentence; and suddenly seizing a knife that lay upon a table near her, she exclaimed in impatient rage—"Leave me! quit my presence!—leave me, or you know not to what desperate act I may be impelled!"

At

At this eventful moment the Baron entered the apartment.

"Gracious God!" exclaimed Julia, motionless with terror, the paleness of death upon her brow, and the knife still grasped in her extended hand.

The Baron, in inconceivable alarm, hastened to her, and clasping her in his arms, demanded an explanation of this scene, whilst he darted at Valdenburg, who was transfixed to the spot, a glance of mistrust and indignation.

Julia wept violently, without replying; and the Baron, turning to his son, asked, in a voice of passionate resentment, if he would condescend to speak.

Valdenburg broke not the silence, however; and the Baroness, hastily endeavouring to conquer her emotion, exclaimed—

"Your

"Your assertion was just—I knew not the disposition of your son! He has ill-interpreted the consideration which in that character I wished to shew him, and has had the effrontery to invade my retirement. I dare not explain any further his atrocity: my own resolution and your appearance here have saved me."

The Baron drew a sword which hung by his side, and rushing upon his son, exclaimed—"This shall be your last crime, monster of iniquity!"

Valdenburg, however, soon disarmed his father; and telling him he could not suffer him to commit a murder he would perhaps on a future day bitterly repent, he cast a momentary look of indignation on Julia, and throwing down the weapon at the feet of the Baron, quitted the apartment.

The Baron, still more enraged at the

collected calmness of his manner, again possessed himself of the sword, and would have pursued his retreating son, had not Julia arrested his steps, and supplicated him, with tears, to listen to her: he was compelled indeed to comply with this request, for she clung round his knees, and he could not proceed without spurning her from him.

She then employed her most persuasive arts to sooth his rage; and at length in some degree succeeded: but she now trembled lest he should have any explanation with Valdenburg, that might shake his faith in her prudence and veracity; and this dread induced her to urge the Baron to exile him to the little domain in our village.

The next day a domestic brought him in writing this command from his father, accompanied by a strong prohibition neither

neither to make any effort to see him or write to him, either before or after his departure.

Valdenburg instantly comprehended the motives and fears of his mother-in-law when he read this sentence, and enclosing all the billets he had formerly received from her, with the letter she had transmitted to him since she had become the wife of his father, he wrote the following lines on the envelope.

"Your apprehensions, Madam, may now cease; since I return to your possession the only testimonies I have had in mine, which might disturb the tranquillity I sincerely hope you may yourself enjoy, whilst you impart it to the bosom of your husband!"

Valdenburg then immediately began his prescribed journey, and scarcely preceded the report that he was exiled to this little estate for having attempted to seduce his mother-in-law, and endeavoured to assassinate his father. He readily perceived that he was universally regarded with horror and aversion, and therefore avoided, as much as possible, giving pain to others by shewing himself: each day he became more gloomy and misanthropic, and at length was wholly insensible to the sentiment his character and his person inspired.

He learned that his father had formally disinherited him, and he believed without any effort on the part of Julia to prevent such an act of injustice: but this was totally disregarded by Valdenburg, equally with every other event which men denominate good or evil fortune.

The following year Julia presented the Baron

Baron with an infant daughter; and this child so completely engrossed the attention of its delighted father, that he thought proper to abandon Valdenburg to his destiny; and having given up to him the domain left him by his grandmother, for his maintenance and use, he almost forgot that such a being existed.

The farmer who occupied the land, and the domestics who had hitherto resided at the mansion, refused however to be subject to the orders of a parricide; and Valdenburg, on hearing this general resolution, calmly desired them to apply to the Baron for their discharge.

From the first of his seclusion he had been attached to the little beech grove; and in a short time he passed so many hours there, that he built, for the convenience of studying within its precincts, a rustic pavilion, on the door of which was inscribed this passage from Antigonus:—

"Many things are to be feared in this world; but no one being in it can be more inimical to another than man to man!"

Valdenburg seldom quitted this retreat, and still more seldom did he address himself to any of his fellow-creatures. The works of the ancient writers, which he was fond of reading, the culture of the arts, the study of the sciences, and the simpler pleasures of his garden, occupied his whole time; and in this dreary solitude his heart would soon have become inaccessible to every individual of his race, had not Heaven formed a being fair and innocent as its own angels, to reconcile him to humanity.

The Soldier's Wife and the Child.

WHEN Valdenburg first took up his abode in the village, he became an universal theme of conversation for his rustic neighbours; and my father, in reply to their most prejudiced assertion, always observed that it was not the colour of a man's hair that rendered him wicked or vicious.

"I do not mean to assert that it does,"

returned my uncle, when this sentence was one day addressed to him; "for if it were so, this reprobate would have brought his crimes into the world with him, and, parricide as he is, he would not be more censurable than a good and obedient child: but he has, I tell you, a certain mark—a savage countenance, an eye of rapine. Men do well in writing *poison* on a box of arsenic—and would God, think you, omit doing so likewise?"

"That is quite another affair," cried my father; "it is after the commission of crimes, and not before they are perhaps conceived, that the devil stamps his signature on the features of a man, that every one may know to whom he belongs, as the Algerines brand their galley-slaves with an anchor."

"Christians do so likewise," said my uncle.

"But in branding their fellow-creatures they forget the clemency of God and

and the precepts of their Saviour," returned my father hastily.

"Well, but it is only galley-slaves who are thus marked," resumed his brother.

"The custom is still a bad one, Joseph; God only can tell whether a man is destined for life to carry the heart of galley-slave in his bosom. I have always shuddered when I have thought of a human being indelibly branded with infamy: is it not shutting the door of reformation for ever on a repentant criminal? What heart will he have to turn from the path of vice, when every one will suspect, condemn, and avoid him? God never affixed such a mark to his creatures; because the most abandoned sinner will sometimes return to virtue, and die in its ways."

"I only wish, my dear Christian, that you could see the son of the Baron! I tell you again he carries the sign of Cain on his forehead!"

The two brothers now began a theological dispute on the nature of the sign which, according to the Bible, God had affixed to the first murderer; and my uncle, to maintain his opinion, insisted that it must be legible characters on the forehead.

My father, however, adopted the idea of St. Jerome, that the sign was a general tremor over the whole frame.

Suzette, who had listened with extreme attention to the whole argument, now experienced an irrepressible curiosity to behold this sign; and taking her knitting with her, she crossed a part of the village, and with a sauntering pace walked the whole length of the beech wood, casting many a hasty glance into the enclosure; but being disappointed in her expectation, she seated herself near the hedge that formed it, under the shade of a low bushy tree that protected her from general observation;

observation; taking care, however, to place herself near the great road, that if the frightful Reprobate should attack her, she might be able to escape.

He was for some time invisible; but Suzette heard the sound of a flute played in a slow and pensive strain, which delighted her with its melodious cadences: it approached, however, so near, that she was alarmed, and crouching still more, she drew, with a trembling hand, the branches towards her, and was now completely concealed.

At this instant the steps of some one passing the extremity of the wood, the mournful cries of a child, and the complaining voice of a woman struck her ear.

"Oh merciful God!" exclaimed the poor creature, "hear with compassion the moans of my unhappy babe!"

The flute immediately ceased; and Suzette hearing another person approach, gently raised her head, and beheld the Reprobate looking over the hedge. He had almost indeed red hair, but no mark on his forehead, which was fair and open. His flute was still in his hand; and he surveyed the child with an air of compassion, as the woman laid it on the grass to rest herself: he even asked her in a soft and pleasing voice why the poor infant cried.

"It is hungry," replied the woman, weeping bitterly; "we have not had any thing to eat since yesterday morning."

"Gracious God! since yesterday morning!" repeated Valdenburg. "Wait here a few moments, and I will return."

He flew away with incredible swiftness, and reappeared in a short time, with a bowl of milk and a small loaf, towards which the child eagerly stretched out its little

little arms, and the woman, to whom he delivered them, began to feed it.

" Sit down, my good woman, and eat yourself," said Valdenburg, " I will take care of your infant."—And placing himself on the grass beside it, he dipped a bit of the loaf in the milk, and patiently assisted his little famished charge, regarding it at the same time with pity and interest.

The child looked up in his face, and smiled; and Valdenburg, pleased and affected at this intuitive mark of gratitude, kissed its little forehead.

" What is your general occupation?" he demanded of the woman, who was eating with avidity: " you are I suppose the mother of this little creature. Where do you live?"

" No, it is not my own, poor thing!" replied she; " and I did not know its

parents. I have here an attestation from the Chaplain of the regiment, to prove it. I am the wife of a poor soldier, worthy Sir, and I have travelled from beyond Berlin a great way. Oh, we little know or guess what is to befal us! My husband served in Bohemia under Prince Henry: he had been away from me three years, and I wanted to see him again—for I loved him dearly. My own two children I left with their grandmother, and I sold every thing I did not absolutely want at home, that I might carry him a little trifle of money. Accordingly I set out, and got to the end of my journey just as my husband had marched with his corps to drive a party of Austrians from some little village: so, when it was all over, and they had done what they had been ordered, I ran to the place to meet him."

Here the poor woman burst into tears.

"And

"And when I got there, he was dying of his wounds; yet he knew me, and stretched out his hand, saying—'Oh Annette!—our children!' These were his last words:—I thought I should have died too; but God willed, for the sake of our little ones and this babe, that I should live. In the same house where my poor husband expired, was the wife of an Austrian soldier, who died two days afterwards, and left this babe, which nobody upon earth seemed to care about. Almost all the village had been burned down, and all the inhabitants had run away; so that when our soldiers marched, I begged them to take the poor child with them: but then they said to me—'What could we do with it?'—and that was very true; but to let the child stay and die of hunger was impossible, so I resolved to take it, let what would happen: and I set out to return to my own home with the young thing in my arms. In my way I was weary enough; but I never

met with any body that took compassion on me or my burden, so I walked on: but I fell sick, as you may see by my looks, and spent the little money I had left, and then I sold my clothes and every thing else I could spare—all went, except these poor rags: yet still I thought if I could but get home I should do very well. I am used to hard work, and I could even do for this little creature, who has nobody in the whole world but me to put a morsel of bread into its poor mouth; so I can't bear to let it starve!"

As she said this, she pressed the child to her bosom, and her tears dropped upon it whilst she repeated—"If I was but able to work—or if I could but get enough to keep it till I reach my home!—but, though I should not say it to you, Sir, who are so good, I have found many hard-hearted ones, and but few that would pity a fellow-creature in distress!"

Suzette could hardly forbear sobbing aloud.

"Poor babe!" said Valdenburg, taking the child from her, and contemplating it as it sunk to sleep in his arms—"poor, yet happy creature! who, in losing her who gave thee birth, found a second mother!—eyes that drop tears of pity on thy lot, and a heart that loves thee!—No, thou shalt not from hard necessity be deserted!"

Valdenburg then wrote upon a leaf of his pocket-book the name of the woman, and that of the village where she informed him she lived with her family; and giving her a small sum of money, promised that he would remit the same to her every year.

The woman, on beholding the gold in her hand, which had never contained so much before, exclaimed—"Oh this is too

too much, worthy Sir!"—And being desired to keep it, she added—"We shall now be rich indeed!—my own little ones and this one, and their grandmother—we shall all be rich!"

"Good creature!" exclaimed Valdenburg with emotion, "you are rich indeed, in a heart to which all other riches are dross! Your humanity to this orphan will be better rewarded; but if this were my last crown, you should have it.—Hasten away, or I may be tempted to take the child, to have the pleasure of bringing it up, that it may love me as it will you."

On hearing this, the woman hastily snatched the infant to her bosom, and giving Valdenburg a farewell benediction, pursued her journey with alacrity.

Valdenburg gazed after her for some time.

"These

"These beings are called the children of affliction!" he exclaimed: "poor indeed they may be—but even that little unfortunate infant has found a kind bosom to cherish it! What would I not give to create affection, or even interest and compassion, in a heart like hers! but, unfortunate that I am, no maternal breast ever fostered my early youth—for my fate, wretched as it is, no eye will shed a tear!"

With his head sunk on his bosom, he thoughtfully returned to the grove.

Suzette rose, and hastening to regain the road, turned her head several times with a compassionate air, whilst she whispered to herself—"If he beheld the tears that now fall from my eyes, and could know that they were for him, perhaps he would experience a few moments of satisfaction!"

She

She could not reconcile what she had just witnessed, with the appellation every one bestowed upon Valdenburg: in his face, that bore, as every body asserted, the sign of Cain, she beheld only an expression of gentleness and melancholy that interested and pleased her; and she was impressed still more in his favour by the tones of his voice, his pale but well-turned cheek, and the mournful glances of his full blue eye. Every time she heard his name pronounced, she recollected the scene she had so earnestly regarded and listened to; nor could she forget his last words—"For my fate, wretched as it is, no one will shed a tear!" and as constantly as they recurred, she wished he had beheld those she had shed.

The Birthday.

EVERY birthday in our family, as far back as I can remember, was celebrated with great solemnity and rejoicing; which in some degree arose from the difficulty my father found in procuring materials for his journal.

"I ought to thank God," he would say, "that I have not any thing particular to write! I could wish that there were

were not to be found upon earth more misery or causes of inquietude than are marked down in my journal: few people would then have occasion to complain, and little would be left for our daily writers to comment upon! I am, however, extremely glad that we have each a birthday; for it would be hard and strange indeed, if I could not find something pleasing to write concerning it, when I considered the matter on the morrow."

An entertainment was always prepared for each of these galas; and the more pomp and ceremony we observed in the celebration of them, the more happy my father appeared.

Suzette had never failed to distinguish herself on these occasions by some little ingenuity, equally unexpected and agreeable; and much as my father wished to forget those pleasures never to be recalled, which

which sprung from her, he had often, since her departure, complained that we all seemed to be merely half-born, since she was no longer present to animate our commemorations: yet it was to one of these happy birthdays the misfortunes of Suzette might be imputed.

That of my uncle happened to be in May, when his auriculas were in bloom. I had been presented with new clothes for the occasion, and was to recite some verses composed by my father, who had had an inconceivable trouble in finding rhymes for the names of the flowers then in season, particularly for auricula.

My mother too, in defiance of the jests of her husband, had, according to her general custom, made a very large cake, on which she had placed an inscription in sugar, marking the name and age of my uncle.

"Were

"Were we all to live to be a hundred," said my father, "should we even become as old as Methuselah, it would never enter your head, my dear, to present us with any thing but a cake!"

"God grant that I may present them to you both for a hundred years to come!" replied my mother with her usual gentleness: "God grant it, even though I should be obliged to crawl to the kitchen on crutches to knead and bake them!"

"Excellent woman!" ejaculated my father in a tone expressive of tenderness and emotion; and the preparations for this birthday continued with increased alacrity.

Suzette came in and went out several times with an air of mysterious satisfaction; which my father remarking, at length exclaimed—"Observe that little Gipsy—she will surpass us all!"

And

And indeed it really was the design of Suzette to occasion her father a very pleasing surprise on that memorable day, by presenting him a very fine and scarce auricula, called an Ipsilanti, the possession of which he had long ardently wished for. When we had lately examined his amphitheatre of flowers, and admired its various beauties, he shook his head, and replied, with a look of mortification—"Oh, but an Ipsilanti!—what is all this, when compared with an Ipsilanti? Young Valdenburg has a very fine one; but who would think of procuring any thing, or asking any favour of a man so wicked, who is, I dare say, very ill-natured and envious?"

The mind of Suzette recurred, as usual, to the generosity and compassion he had displayed to the wife of the soldier; and upon this idea she constructed several plans to surprise and delight her father; but

but they were all found to be impracticable, and relinquished.

Yet the birthday was rapidly approaching; and after having wandered round the grove for almost a week, without perceiving the solitary being she sought, Suzette at length ventured to creep through the hedge that surrounded it, and gliding timidly along, took the first path that offered: it branched out into several others, sometimes forming a walk shaded with clumps of beech, at other places breaking into grass plats, planted here and there with flowering shrubs.

At length, not without a strong sensation of fear at her own boldness in adventuring, she found herself on a gentle rise, the summit of which was sheltered by two large weeping willows, and under them was placed a monumental urn, which bore this inscription:—

"In

" In this spot will repose an unfortunate being, who, calumniated, hated, and rejected by mankind, vainly sought upon this earth one sympathizing and affectionate bosom, into which he might pour the sorrows of a heart lacerated by misfortune, and capable of feeling, in all its energy, the friendship it cannot hope to inspire!"

Suzette read the mournful sentence, and it affected her extremely: she rested against the base of the urn, and comparing this inscription with the conduct of Valdenburg towards the widow and the child, she concluded by believing that he could not be the wicked wretch he was represented.

Her lively imagination, and the sensibility that accompanied it, painted, in affecting colours, the misery a young man must have suffered, ere he could condemn himself to exist thus in so com-

plete a seclusion, and entirely insulated from the rest of the world.

" Oh how unhappy he must be!" exclaimed she, with her eyes still fixed upon the urn: " what sad words!—and how much he must have suffered who traced them!"

Her head sunk in deep reflection against the marble, and unconsciously her arm was thrown round it, whilst she gave way to a sentiment of melancholy and compassion which lasted several minutes.

Valdenburg at this juncture was scarcely four paces from her, and regarded her with mingled astonishment and admiration. Suzette had passed a clump of trees under which he was seated; and, surprised at an apparition so unexpected, in a place which was an object of horror to the whole neighbourhood, he had followed her at a small distance, walking upon

upon the enamelled turf, and sheltering himself from her view by intervening trees and shrubs.

Unseen himself, he had sufficient opportunity for remarking at his pleasure the graceful form of his lovely visitor, the fine *contour* of her profile, and the neatness of her village dress, which was far superior to that of other girls of the same class, in cleanliness and texture. When Suzette arrived at the opening which led to the urn, and hesitated which path to pursue, he had caught a full view of her countenance, replete with candour, innocence, and sweetness, and with redoubled interest his eyes pursued her motions. He saw her lean against the mournful memento he had raised, and sigh on reading the words he had inscribed upon it; he beheld too a tear steal from her expressive eyes, and course down her blooming cheek. She wiped it off; and the heart of Valdenburg

beat more rapidly when he heard her say, in a low voice—"No, I am certain he cannot be a wicked man—he is only unfortunate, and other men hate him without a reason; but I will not hate him!"

Valdenburg now appeared, and replied to this soliloquy in extreme emotion—"You have judged me well—I am not the wretch men call me!"

Suzette started with terror, and would have flown away, had he not caught her hand.

"You will not hate me then?" resumed Valdenburg in a gentle tone.—"I will not detain you, sweet girl," he added, in a more collected manner, as Suzette endeavoured to withdraw her hand; "but tell me who you are."

She

She replied, in a timid voice—"I am Suzette, the daughter of Joseph Engleman, who lives in the village."

"And what induced you to venture hither, my dear child?" asked Valdenburg, with a smile.

"I wished to ask you a favour," replied Suzette, blushing, but rather re-assured by the mildness and good-nature with which he addressed her.

"Have you ever before seen me?" demanded he, with considerable curiosity. "But what is this favour which you would ask of me?"

"My father's birthday is the latter end of this week," replied she, "and I wish very much to make him a present—he is fond of flowers, and you have an auricula, Mr. de Valdenburg, called an Ipsilanti."

"And you would like to present this flower to your father?"

"Oh, no!" returned Suzette, blushing still more: "I only wish I could have a shoot of this Ipsilanti, that he might plant it for next year."

"No, Suzette," said Valdenburg, delighted with her innocent simplicity, "you shall have the flower now in bloom, the finest I possess. Will you accompany me to the garden?"

Suzette recollected at this moment a difficulty which had not before occurred to her.—What would her father say when he learned that she had visited the *Reprobate?*—and this he must inevitably discover, if she accepted the auricula.

Valdenburg observed her embarrassment.

"Or would you rather chuse," resumed he, "that I should bring the Ipsilanti here?"

"My

"My father would know it just the same," replied Suzette, with unconscious *naïveté*.

"I understand you," said Valdenburg, smiling; "you would be glad to obtain the flower, but not from me."

Suzette fixed her eyes on the ground, and again her cheek was suffused with an additional glow.

"How shall we manage this?" continued he, without appearing to observe her confusion: "whom do you associate with in the village?—Perhaps you are acquainted with my steward?"

Suzette replied in the affirmative.

"Then I will give him the flower," resumed Valdenburg; "he is ignorant of its value: and if you can go to his house to-morrow at three o'clock, to visit his daughter, I will bring it at that hour;

and if you afterwards ask it of him, he will undoubtedly give it you."

Suzette extremely approved of this plan, which she thought admirable; and when it was quite adjusted, Valdenburg enquired how she had found courage to venture into the grove.

She hesitated for some time; and having vainly awaited her answer, he entreated that she would inform him with so much earnestness, and his manner and appearance inspired her with so much confidence, that at length she confessed that she had witnessed his generosity to the woman and the child.

"From that time," added she, "I have had such an opinion of you, that I cannot believe what——"

"What is asserted of me," concluded Valdenburg. "No, amiable girl, I am not, as you said, a wicked man; and I thank

thank you for your reliance upon that idea. You have procured me an hour of satisfaction and pleasure! I wish you would mention something more worthy of your acceptance than this flower, that you might be assured of the delight with which I would comply with every wish you might form! Will you now walk round the grove?"

Suzette could not refuse this request; and at length they reached the little rustic pavilion: her heart was guileless, and a stranger to suspicion; and as she had never been cautioned against the danger of confiding too much in the other sex, she consented, without hesitation, to enter the building with her conductor.

Here he amused her by exhibiting a number of drawings and prints, and playing on the flute and violin: in short, her attention was so much captivated, that she was insensible of the length of her

visit, and he was himself compelled to remind her that it must terminate.

Valdenburg accompanied her to the extremity of the wood; and taking her hand as she was leaving him, he said, with emotion — "Still, Suzette, you preserve your good opinion, I hope—you do not hate me?"

"Hate you!" exclaimed she, with a countenance of surprise and gentle pity; "it is impossible now that I can ever hate you, you are so kind and good to me!—I wish you knew how grateful I feel that you so readily part with that flower to give it to my father!"

"But may I hope that you will return hither?" resumed he. "I am deserted and abandoned by mankind; but, Suzette, you will not neglect me—you will not forget that, without being convicted of any evil, I am deprived of all society, and alone in the world!"

"No,

"No, certainly I will not!" returned she, with a tear of compassion: and at this moment Suzette formed the design of sometimes visiting this good-natured and unfortunate man, and consoling him by her esteem and pity. She listened to the dictates of her heart, which was equally benevolent and grateful in granting his request; but on the following day she began to reflect that it would be almost impossible to fulfil her promise.

The flower passed into her hands in the manner he had intended. Suzette called at the appointed time at the house of the steward; and in a few moments Valdenburg appeared with the vase that contained the Ipsilanti; and having already announced his present, he placed it on a window, saying, with an indifferent air—"Here is the auricula; I am tired of it, and perhaps you may like it."

Valdenburg then retreated, without waiting any reply; and Suzette, regarding the flower with admiration, begged the steward to let her father have it, which was very readily complied with: she then gave his daughter a little remembrance she had prepared for her, and carried off her acquisition with a very joyful heart.

When my uncle on the gala day appeared at our house, where it was always celebrated, the flower, of which only Suzette and himself exactly knew the value, was placed by her upon the table. I was advancing towards him to repeat my verses, and had indeed uttered the first line, when he perceived the auricula. His eyes instantly sparkled with surprise and pleasure.

"What—how—where the devil——" exclaimed he, "what is all this?—Hold your tongue, boy!—Where does it come from?"

Rather

Rather embarrassed by these comments, I continued, however, to recite; but my uncle was unable to listen to me, and at length, very much mortified and ashamed, I was obliged to stop short; whilst Suzette related that the steward had received the flower, which he was quite careless of, from Mr. de Valdenburg, and, at her request, had given it to her.

My father, almost as much disconcerted as myself at the unfortunate interruption, regarded me, however, with an encouraging smile, and when the first ecstacy of his brother had a little subsided—"Let me beg of you, Joseph," said he, "to attend to this poor child!"

My uncle, taking the vase that contained the treasure upon his knees, assented with great complaisance, and I began once more; but it was only towards evening that my father obtained

a complete audience for me and for his verses.

This event was consigned the next day to his journal, with a panegyric upon the fortunate chance that had placed in the hands of Suzette precisely the very flower her father so earnestly wished to obtain. My recitation was not forgotten; and even my mother had particularly distinguished herself, by strewing her cake with flowers: an attention my father was anxious to make every body observe.

Poor Suzette was destined to pay for this day of jubilee by the happiness of her whole life! But this decree of Fate was veiled from her bright blue eyes, and the joy of her father was so extreme, on finding himself master of an Ipsilanti, that she would have reproached herself perpetually with ingratitude, had she not informed

informed Valdenburg of the delight his present had occasioned.

She did not dare, however, to enter his grounds a second time; but, without exactly knowing herself what was her intention, she walked to the extremity of the grove, hoping, perhaps, to see him at a distance. She had scarcely reached it, when Valdenburg appeared, and enquired how she did: and Suzette, without further ceremony, then jumped over a little trench that separated them, with the design of returning immediately, after having thanked him for the satisfaction he had procured her.

Valdenburg offered her any other flower, or any plant in his garden, provided she could indicate the means of receiving them without hazarding the displeasure of her father. Suzette could not, however, immediately think of any method that would not lead to a discovery;

very; and whilst she was reflecting upon the subject, Valdenburg entreated that she would rest herself on a bench under a neighbouring tree.

She had now dismissed her apprehensions of him, and every word he uttered, in a tone of voice more soft and pleasing than Suzette had ever before heard, augmented her confidence: she recollected the pleasure she had received at her former interview, and suffered him to conduct her at length to the pavilion; where, at her request, he again enchanted her with the harmony to which her ear had been so little accustomed.

My uncle had in his younger days played on the virginal, and accompanied it with his voice; but his whole science consisted in playing a few hymns and other Church music: Suzette had likewise often endeavoured to make out some of her village songs upon the keys, and she now

now evinced, on hearing Valdenburg, an earnest desire to learn music.

He instantly taught her a little air by rote, which she retained very well; and opening a harpsichord which Suzette had not before observed, accompanied the song.

She was delighted; and Valdenburg then told her that if she would come to the pavilion as often as she had an opportunity, he would instruct her in the rudiments of music as well as the executive part.

Suzette joyfully promised that she would, giving him her hand at the same time as a pledge of her engagement, which she renewed on quitting him: nor did she fail in the performance of it; though she prevailed upon herself to let an interval of two or three days elapse between every visit. She could not avoid reflecting

reflecting sometimes upon the impropriety she was guilty of in thus seeking the society of a young man, and concealing it from her friends: but by informing them of it, she was very certain of receiving a command never to return to the grove, and she was equally certain that for the first time in her life she would find it almost impossible to obey them.

Her steps always bent involuntarily towards the dwelling of Valdenburg, and as she constantly met him wandering at the entrance of the little wood, she could not avoid speaking to him; and when she had spoken, it was equally difficult to avoid accompanying him to the pavilion, where, independent of the music she was so desirous of learning, he had always brought something new and pleasing to amuse Suzette.

Valdenburg was now so accustomed to live in entire solitude, and he so little wished

wished for society, that he had not the least inclination to return to that of the world: but the presence of Suzette gave his heart the most pleasing emotion. The scene which had first presented her to him retained its place in his memory, with the lively colouring his imagination and her unaffected compassion and simplicity ever gave it: she had then appeared to him so interesting and amiable, that the impression could not be effaced by her want of refinement and the uncultivated state of her mind. He observed in her an innocence so perfect, sentiments so delicate, a benevolence so active, a judgment so sound, and she placed in him a confidence so unbounded, that he had a thousand times wished he had been of an age to have such a daughter, and that this daughter could have been Suzette.

At this period she had just reached her sixteenth year; but though she was tall and

and well formed, from the playful innocence of her countenance, and the *naïveté* of her manners, she appeared much younger. Valdenburg conducted himself towards her with a sort of paternal kindness that engaged her gratitude, and urged her return to him: had he once extolled her personal graces, or had a single look escaped him expressive of any other sentiment than pure benevolence, perhaps her heart might have been more strongly moved in his favour; but it is likewise probable that, without defining her own motive, she would not again have ventured to his retreat.

She then experienced for him an affection so much resembling that which her father inspired, that whatever her reason might urge, Suzette even sometimes thought that those visits Valdenburg was so desirous of promoting, were a proof of obedience on her part which it was right to give: and when they had been often repeated,

repeated, it was no longer in her power to abstain from yielding to his implied wishes and her own, by continuing an intercourse so pleasing to both. The unmixed pleasure she experienced in the instructive conversation of Valdenburg, her earnest desire of improving her mind, her gratitude, and the visible satisfaction her society gave him—all united, in short, to influence her to this fatal imprudence, and she could not resist the impulse.

Neither the heart of Valdenburg nor that of Suzette once predicted the unfortunate consequences of these unauthorized meetings: he admired in her that openness and ingenuousness of soul that gives the promise of every other virtue, and he conceived the project of adorning her mind with a part of that knowledge and those acquirements he himself so eminently possessed; but that he was influenced in this design by her dawning beauty,

beauty, by the elegance of her form, or the natural grace which Nature had bestowed upon her, Valdenburg never once suspected: he believed that the perfidy of Julia had shielded his heart from any future impression of the same nature, and imagined that neither the repose of Suzette nor his own were in the least endangered, until the strong predilection of each demonstrated his error.

END OF VOL. I.

LANE, MINERVA-PRESS, LEADENHALL-STREET.

WORKS BY THE TRANSLATOR.

THE WIFE AND THE MISTRESS.
In 4 Vols. 12mo.—18s. sewed.

PIRATE OF NAPLES.
In 3 Vols. 12mo.—13s. 6d. sewed.

ROSELLA,
OR
MODERN OCCURRENCES.
In 4 Vols. 12mo.—14s. sewed.

PARISIAN,
OR
ANECDOTES OF LIVING CHARACTERS.
In 2 Vols. 12mo.—6s. sewed.

ANDRONICA,
OR
THE FUGITIVE BRIDE.
In 2 Vols. 12mo.—6s. sewed.

PHEDORA,
OR
THE FOREST OF MINSKI.
In 4 Vols. 12mo.—18s. sewed.

Juſt publiſhed,

JEALOUSY;

OR THE

DREADFUL MISTAKE.

IN TWO VOLUMES, 12MO.

Price 8s. ſewed.

"The unaffected eaſe of the language, the ſimplicity of the tale, and the ſituation of life in which the Author deſcribes herſelf, as a Clergyman's daughter, excite many ideas in the mind of the Critic while he peruſes the work, which conciliate his favour. There are no pretenſions to ſuper-eminent ingenuity, no promulgation of ſplendid fallacies, either as a novel or refined ſyſtem in politics or morality; no ſupernatural perſonages or events. The ſtory is intereſting in domeſtic life, and written to every one's underſtanding; it will pleaſe, without ſurpriſing, and entertain the fancy, without corrupting the heart."

Anti-Jacobin Review, July, 1802.